HAWAII

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN
VOLUME 26 NUMBER 9
MAYFAIR
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LISA BANGERT BARES HER BOTTY!
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GRETA SCACCHI'S BOOBS BUST OUT!
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MAYFAIR

Volume 26 Number 9

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Savour lazy summer days with our August calendar beauty, gorgeous Lisa Bangert. Sweet Lisa soaked up the sun in Barbados for these pics and we're sure you'll agree, she's hot stuff!

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Nella's a girl with a real sense of fun, and she's ready and waiting to share it with you — if you dare!

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When Abbey's not working-out or working at her demanding job, she's working her way through all your letters! She works hard — and, like all our *Mayfair* girls, she plays hard too.

CENTRE GIRL

After thousands of you begged to have her back, lovely Laura undresses to thrill on our centre pages one more time.

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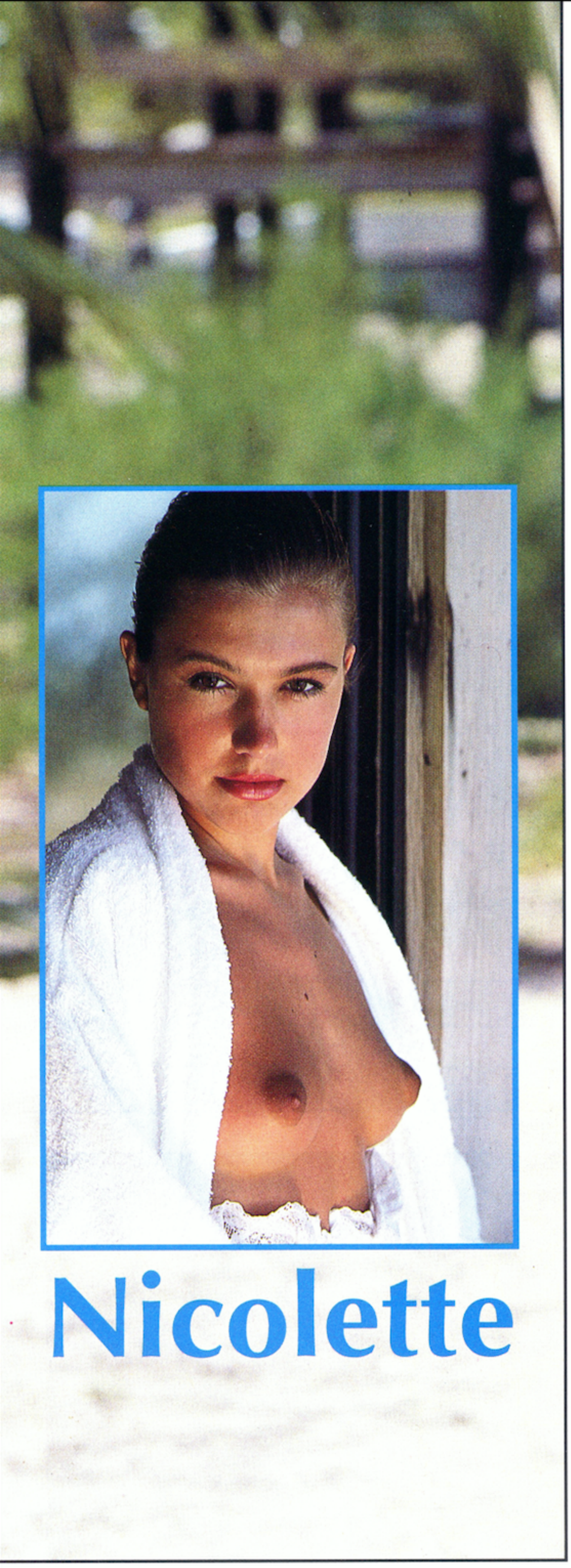
NELLA

Photographs by Ralph Medland

Fenella Antonia Beatrice Meredith is not only a bit of a mouthful but also a bit of a handful. Ever since Nella left her Surrey boarding school she has got into trouble through her love of practical jokes. The 19-year-old daughter of a successful building contractor, her well-off parents have never managed to tame her wilder moods. "My speciality is debagging guys in the pub," she says — that's removing their trousers to you and me. "And I can't resist a food fight in a restaurant, however posh!"

So far, Nella's protestations of innocence have managed to keep her out of the nick, but the 34-22-35 beauty from Battersea is riding for a fall. "I stripped off and did a tap dance on the tables at a restaurant in Chelsea recently, and the police were called, so we ran — still half-naked — into the nearest cab!" And now she's appearing in *Mayfair*. "That's another thing I don't think Daddy will be pleased about!" Ⓜ



Nicolette

When Nicolette Green isn't treating adoring fans to a glimpse of her stunning 34-24-34 figure, the jet-setting systems analyst can usually be found island-hopping in the South Pacific, indulging in her favourite pastime — scuba diving.

"It all started about two years ago," revealed the stunning 22-year-old. "At the time I had friends who owned a schooner moored in Zamboanga in the Philippines Islands. I went out diving with them a few times and I loved it — it felt really natural. I don't own my own boat, so whenever I go back there I usually charter a small fishing boat and spend a few days just sailing around the islands and diving. It's a great way to relax!"

When the Brighton-born beauty isn't

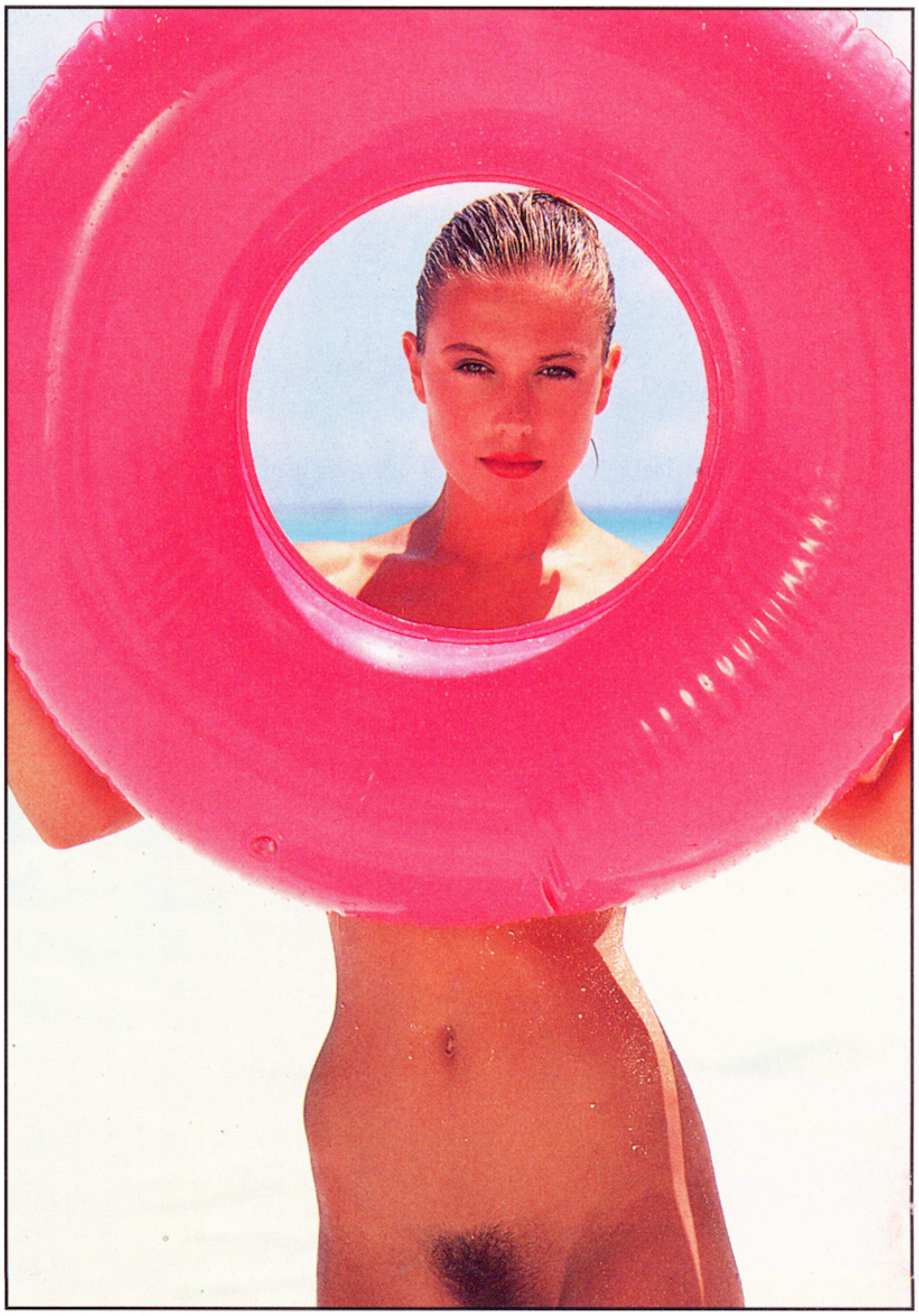
Photographs by Michael Moore

holidaying in exotic places, she keeps her two Siamese cats company in her studio flat in Islington, which is conveniently placed only ten minutes away from her high-powered job in the City.

"I think some men are intimidated by a woman in a position of power,"

THE NUDES

Nicolette told us, with a wicked glint in her eye. "They look at this fiercely competitive woman in a business suit and completely forget that underneath my hard exterior I'm a sensuous woman. Maybe after seeing my photographs in *Mayfair*, they'll change their minds!" Ⓜ



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abbey

Judging by the response from *Mayfair* readers following the appearance of Abbey Donald in Volume 26 Number 7, you all reckon that the 19-year-old trainee fashion designer is the best thing to come out of Liverpool since the Fab Four themselves.

"I've become something of a local celebrity after my photographs appeared in *Mayfair*," the bubbly blonde told us excitedly. "In fact, I've even been asked to model for some of the students at the art college where I study. Of course, I agreed straight away. I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist at heart!"

When Abbey isn't turning admiring heads in Merseyside with her 36-24-34 figure, she can usually be found indulging in her other passion — an invigorating aerobics session down at her local health club. "I'm a bit of a fitness fanatic," Abbey revealed,

Photographs by Geoff Howes

running her hands over the curves of her slim hips. "I spend about an hour each day making sure my figure is kept in perfect shape. I could easily spend all day down at the gymnasium, to be honest. There's no rush of adrenalin quite like it. Well, almost nothing — I think posing for *Mayfair* comes pretty close!" M

Laura

Photographs by
Geoff Howes

Lovely Laura can barely contain her excitement — and her favourite sexy undies are having trouble containing the gorgeous 38C boobs *Mayfair* readers raved about too. Laura's stunning debut in Vol 26 No 5 as our centrefold certainly got your blood racing and thousands of you wrote in demanding to have her back — in her rightful place as centre of attention.

The response was so amazing that we broke with tradition and invited the Brighton-born beauty to appear on our centre pages again. Readers should

GOLD

note that this has never *ever* happened before! "I'd like to thank everyone for sending me such great letters," the 21-year-old smiles, wriggling out her silky frillies. "They've persuaded me to go in for modelling full-time now." If her popularity in *Mayfair* is anything to go by, she'll be inundated with offers of work. And inundated with other things too... "Nearly every letter had something cute for me to curl up in bed with," she reveals. "Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned I love cuddly toys!"

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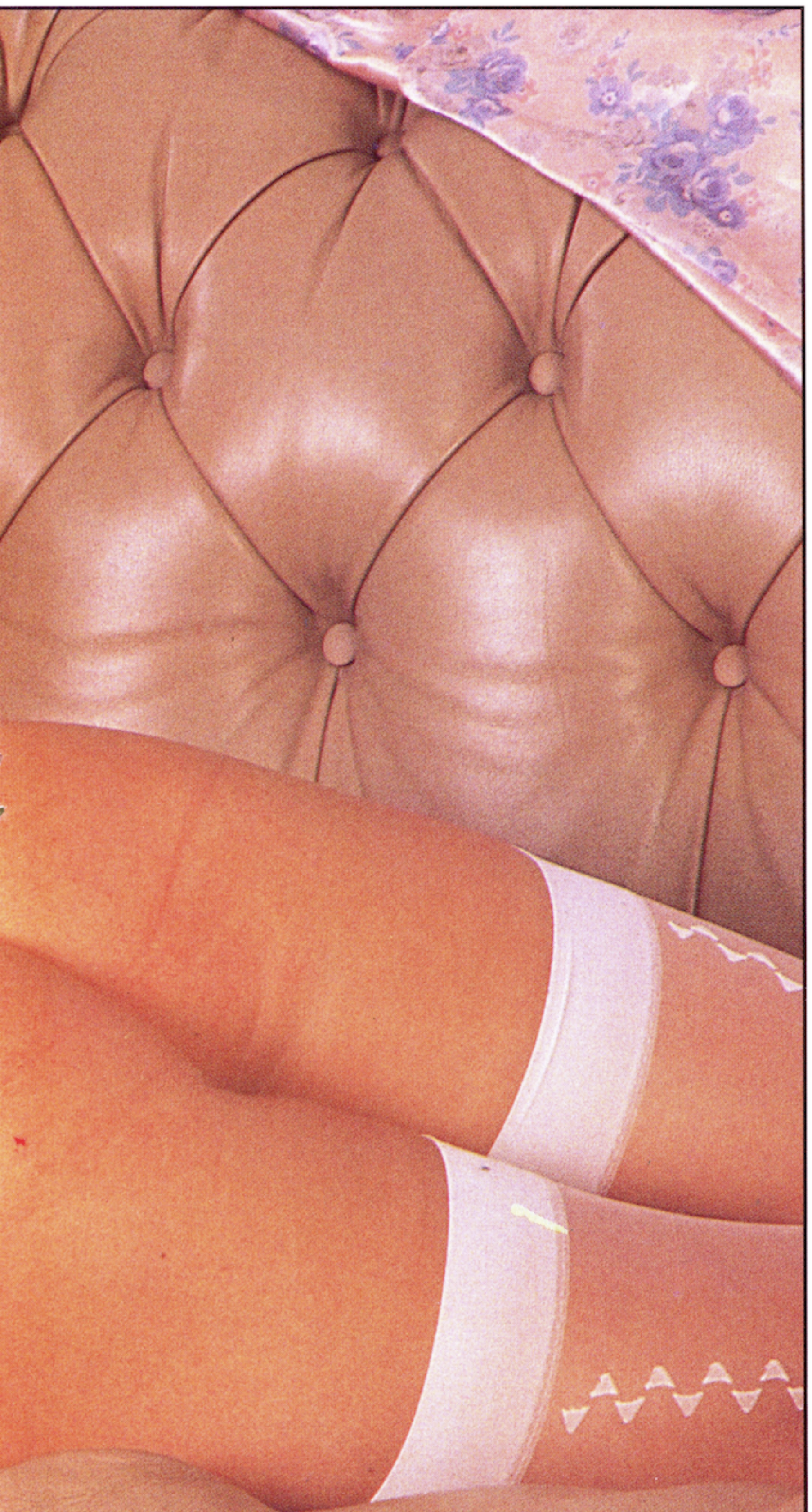
ALL GOLD



MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
l a u r a

ALL GOLD

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
laura
ALL GOLD

stacy

Stunning Stacy Winfield knows just how to get away from the English 'summer': she nips over to a friend's villa in Spain for the duration! "Well, there's not much point sticking around at home, is there? You tell me a place in Britain where I could have breakfast naked on the lawn every morning!" giggles the naughty 23-year-old. "Life out here is much more suited to my tastes: the only thing I miss is all my old friends from Derbyshire. If they could join me I'd say this place would be just about perfect."

It's all very well Stacy having a high old time now, but what about the future — doesn't she have any plans? "Nope, none at all! I'm making hay while the sun shines. It might be nice if one day soon a boyfriend turned up to whisk me off my feet... but until then, the lazy life suits me down to the ground!"

Photographs by Paul Shelley

Rosemary

Bubbly brunette Rosemary Wilson, our stunning 19-year-old from Colchester, doesn't seem to be able to make her mind up about anything! "I really couldn't decide what to wear for these photographs," she giggled. "I had all my knickers and skirts and things spread all over the floor, but I still wasn't sure... in the end I went for some nice simple stockings and my mum's net petticoats, the ones she used to wear when she was a rock'n'roller. I made the right choice... I think..."

Still a student, Rosemary hasn't decided on a career either. "I don't mind as long as I don't have to deal with figures. I can't add for toffee!" So is she really as dizzy as she seems? "Ooh, I don't know!" she laughs. "Well, I may not be brain of Britain, but I think some men like a nice easy-going girl. I certainly hope so, anyway!" Ⓜ

Photographs by Nikki Downey

GIRL NEXT DOOR

Joanne

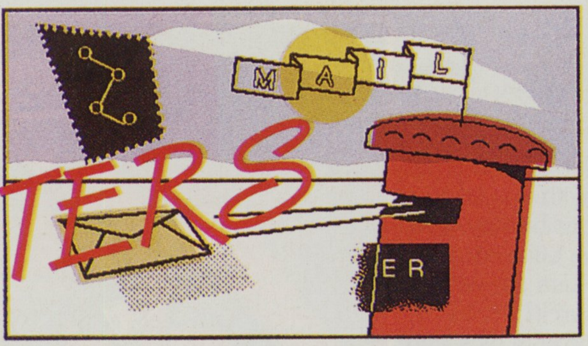
Being the neighbour of Joanne Beresford from Peterborough has some disadvantages as reader CT told us. But Joanne's habit of sunbathing in the nude more than makes up for her love of loud rock music and garden parties that are very different from the sort the Queen invites dignitaries to. "I suppose I'm not the ideal girl to have next door," said the 20-year-old. "In the summer I hold the

Photographs by Kate Ferris

most riotous barbecues where anything goes. I can't tell you some of things that go on in the bushes. It's a good job we don't have a neighbourhood watch scheme!"

By day, Joanne's 36-24-35 figure can be seen in a smart business suit as she travels around visiting the sales reps in different parts of the country working for her distribution company. "I get to meet an awful lot of good-looking guys with lots of chat," she said with a smile, "so I'm always very wary of men like that. The sort of guy I like is the more the quirky Richard Dreyfuss type, only younger. My garden parties are full of them — and the women are pretty amazing too. I'll have to invite the guy who suggested I modelled for *Mayfair* and give him a big kiss to say thank you." Ⓜ

LETTERS



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Raunchy reunion

I don't get to see my girlfriend Katie much because I live in London and she lives and works in Scotland. I was beginning to worry that we were drifting apart so I decided to do something about it.

I booked a room with a four-poster bed in an olde worlde hotel in the Cotswolds and arranged to meet her in Cirencester. As it turned out I hardly need have bothered!

When she got off the train, I was ready with a huge bouquet of roses. She looked absolutely stunning, even better than I remembered. She wore a pair of tight 501s and a sheer silk blouse I had bought her for her birthday. Her long dark hair was loose, just as I've always said I like it. She ran up and threw her arms round me.

By her cheeky grin and quiet tweak of my bum I knew that she was thinking the same way as me. The sight of her looking so beautiful after so long fantasizing about her was giving me an erection. We got into the car and drove towards the hotel.

We hadn't got far when I suddenly felt Katie's hand on my fly. Before I knew it she'd eased my hardening cock out and was gently stroking my foreskin up and down. I was glad the road was empty as I did a bit of a swerve. I glanced round at her and saw that she had her 501s open, and that her soft bush of dark pubic hair was poking out. She wasn't wearing any panties, and my cock swelled rigid in her hand as her other hand slid down into her crotch. She moaned and arched her back as her middle finger slipped between her love lips and onto her hard bud, her other hand still working my cock to a hard pole.

I tried to concentrate on the road, but it was impossible. Katie now had her seatbelt off and her lips around my tool. With her hand she gripped the base and moved the skin gently while her tongue circled my knob end and her lips enveloped more and more of my length. Her other hand cupped and stroked my balls, and the whole effect was almost more than I could bear. I slowed the car right down, but didn't dare stop as there was a car not far behind us, whose occupants would no doubt have loved this little scene.

I had forgotten just how good Katie was at sucking my cock. She did it as though my humble tool was the best tasting ice cream she'd ever had in her mouth. Her tongue explored every inch and every fold and crevice, gently at first, then setting up a strong rhythm on the underside. I glanced down and the sight of my shaft disappearing in and out of her warm red lips was too much.

"We're nearly at the hotel," I gasped, and in response, Katie increased the speed of her sucking, while my shaft grew harder in her mouth. Amazingly I didn't crash the car as an incredible orgasm flooded me — and Katie! She swallowed my come and wiped her mouth and smiled up at me.

"I don't think we've drifted apart, do you?" she asked, with a smile.

"I don't know," I said. "I think I may need a couple more of those just to be absolutely sure."

Needless to say, our weekend was one non-stop sex romp, as we caught up on lost time and stored up for the future.

If this letter has a moral I suppose it is that a break away is always good for an ailing relationship.
KN, Surrey.

Creamed kayak?

When my boyfriend bought home a copy of *Mayfair* claiming that there was a feature about my sport, white water canoeing, in it, I admit that I didn't believe him at first! But there it was — along with a few other distractions that I tried to stop him getting too excited over.

I've been a canoeist for five years, and though it is dangerous, the thrill is immense for us ladies especially. The exhilaration coupled with the cold water going everywhere can give you a warm damp feeling under your splash skirt. Perhaps a feature about ladies who get turned on by danger would go down well in *Mayfair*? You could interview me for a start, though I admit wet kagouls aren't as sexy as a wet T-shirt!
Kate, Nottingham

Second best

A lot of fuss is made about losing your virginity; in fact *Mayfair* began a debate about it not long ago on this letters page with a challenge for readers to produce their accounts of their first times. But surely it is the case that it is the second or third times which are the most rewarding: it's all excitingly new, but you still have a clue about what to put where.

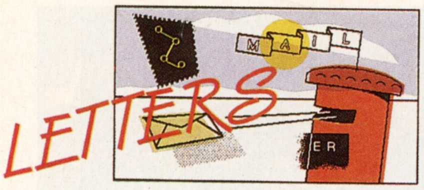
My first time was enough of a disaster not to warrant a letter, but my second was wonderful. Her name was Lucy, she was blonde and 18 and I'd been madly in love with her for ages. I couldn't believe it when I finally got her out on a date, even less when she put her hand on my knee in the cinema and gave it a squeeze.

Continued on page 42

Deborah fan

A word to stunning Deborah who blew my mind in Vol 26 No 7. Debbie, if ever you get a bit nervous and think you could do with some protection on those football terraces — here is one extremely chivalrous fan of both you and Ipswich!

It's probably a good idea that I haven't seen you at any of the matches I've been to — my mind would definitely have been distracted from the game! Thanks *Mayfair*, for bringing us so many beautiful and energetic girls!
PR, Norwich



Continued from page 4

I put my arm round her, and after counting to ten at least 30 times, I finally slid my hand down onto her breast, fully expecting her to turn round and slap me.

Remember, I'd only touched a woman's breast once before, and then, to be honest, I'd been too drunk to appreciate it. The feel of Lucy's boob under her dress gave me an instant hard-on. Her boob filled my palm, with more to spare; it was round and soft, and bra-less. I gave it the gentlest of squeezes, brushing my palm lightly over it, and I felt the little nipple

suddenly spring to life, becoming a hard button against my skin.

In response, Lucy wriggled closer to me and rested her head on my shoulder.

"I think we should go somewhere more private," she said. She took my arm from around her shoulders and slid it up her skirt. She wasn't wearing any panties and I could feel her pussy swollen and sticky.

Completely forgetting about the film, we quietly slipped out. I was glad it was dark because my tool was by now a hard bulge in my trousers. I couldn't believe my luck! Lucy seemed to have a very clear idea of where she was going and I followed dumbly, hanging onto her hot little hand as she led me towards the park.

It was a clear warm night. Lucy lay down on a bench and asked me to take off her skirt. With trembling hands I did so. I ran my hands up her thighs, right up to her dark curls of pubic hair. Her thighs were glistening with her juice. I kissed my way up to her pussy, tasting love-juice for the first time.

By now my cock was aching in my trousers. "Take them off," she whispered. Checking that there was no one about, I slipped them off. Lucy helped with my underpants, hooking her fingers in the waistband and wriggling it over my swollen cock. Then she lay on the bench with her legs open.

I grasped my cock and placed it at the entrance to her hole. I stroked it gently up and down between her lovelips, touching her clit and rubbing every sticky fold of her pussy, before nudging it inch by inch into her hole.

The feeling was delicious. Lucy gave a low moan and grasped my buttocks, pulling me in further. Her tight pussy gripped my cock as I eased my way in right up to the hilt. While moving in and out of her I pulled up her T-shirt and kissed and licked her hard nipples. As I thrust into her faster, my cock moved easily against her slippery pussy walls.

Lucy was writhing underneath me, moaning quietly into my shoulder. I squeezed her boobs and covered them with kisses as I felt my orgasm approaching. Her pussy seemed to get hotter and tighter around my cock, and then she froze for a moment, a look of sheer pleasure on her face. I had of course never seen a woman have an orgasm before, and the sight of Lucy in ecstasy pushed me over the edge. Spurt after spurt of come shot inside her as we climaxed together. Then it was time to quickly pull on our clothes before we were discovered.

Now that was a memorable experience. Unfortunately such excitement was never repeated again with Lucy as she subsequently fell in love with a soldier and followed him overseas to Belize. But I often think about the wonderful introduction to sex she gave me.
FH, Surrey

Double trouble

What a delicious pair of twin peaks was in Vol 26 No 7. I thought I had double vision, but in fact it was Samantha and Justine, the two sexiest twins I've ever seen. A chap could definitely have twice the fun with those two! If ever they're in the Manchester area perhaps we could meet up at my tennis club for a couple of sets of mixed doubles...?

And they weren't the only lovely women in your fun packed issue. I couldn't take my eyes off Abbey, Deborah, Charlotte... in fact all those gorgeous girls! Keep up the good work, *Mayfair*!
DC, Manchester

Sex lessons

I'm one of your many lesbian fans, and I'd like to share with your readers something I've learned from several of my married female friends.

The sad fact is that many women in marriages simply aren't getting what they should out of sex with their husbands. In many frank discussions I've had with them, it seems to be for several reasons: inattentive husbands, inhibitions — and most of all, a basic lack of awareness about their own bodies.

My best friend, Gina, with whom I've never had a sexual relationship incidentally, came to me recently in a terrible state. Her sex-life with her husband had deteriorated so much that she was thinking of getting a divorce. I could tell that this wasn't really what she wanted.

I decided to do what I could to help. I invited her round for a meal and a few drinks and as the evening went on, she got more and more frank about what was troubling her.

Eventually I asked her, "Do you actually know what you like?"

She stared at me and answered, "I think so."

"Have you ever masturbated to find out?" I continued. She blushed.

"No," she replied. There was a tense silence. "Why don't you take off your clothes and I'll show you," I suggested.

I thought she would refuse, but slowly she unbuttoned the thin blouse she was wearing, revealing round breasts in a lacy bra. Then she slipped off her skirt. She was wearing tights underneath.

"You should try wearing some sexier underwear," I suggested. I took off my dress and stood before her in a black bra, stockings and suspenders. "The feeling of not wearing much under your clothes can really turn you on," I explained. "And when you've only got suspenders on, it makes touching yourself that much easier."

To demonstrate, I sat opposite her on the armchair with my legs slightly parted and I stroked my fingers along the gusset of my panties. At first Gina looked away, embarrassed, but soon my obvious pleasure drew her gaze back to me.

When I could feel that my clitoris was hard and that my panties were damp with juice, I slipped my panties off, and stood in front of Gina. "Now it's your turn," I said.

I slipped off her tights and eased her back on the sofa. I squeezed her breasts through her bra, gently kneading them and pressing them together, rubbing the nipples through the material with my thumb. "Does

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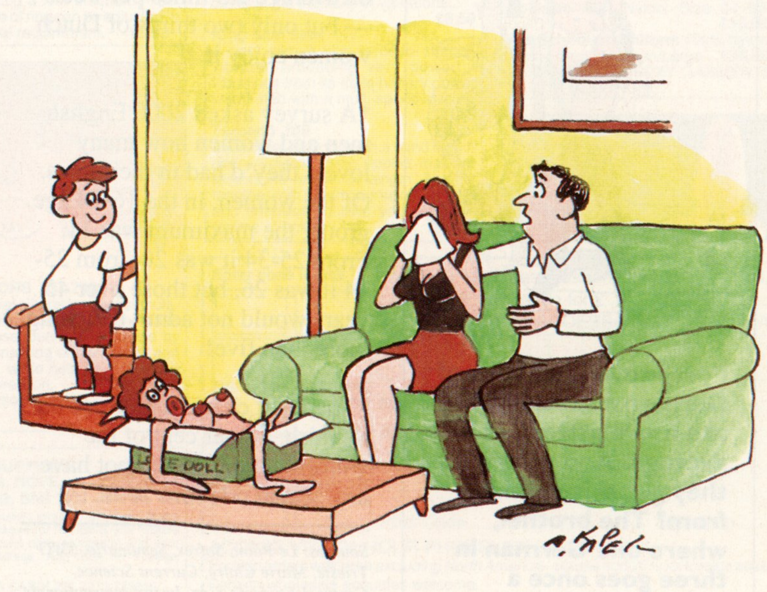


Honest to God, dear, I didn't send for it!

Continued from page 42

that feel good?" I asked her, smiling.

A quiet moan of pleasure was my answer and I reached down and felt her pussy was damp. I took her hand and pushed it down between her legs, then sat back and watched.

At first, Gina's hand just rested there immobile. But playing with her breasts had turned her on enough to want more and it wasn't long before I saw her middle finger slide tentatively between her soft pussy lips. She rubbed slowly between them, juice glistening on her finger.

I sat opposite her, my own fingers exploring my pussy as I watched. I sat so that she could see what I was doing clearly and copy me if she wanted to.

"Open your legs wider," I said. I could see the pink folds of her pussy and the round button of her clit. "Circle round your clitoris with your finger," I suggested, and did it to myself. It was a tease; I was desperate to rub my bud firmly and bring myself to a quick, satisfying orgasm. But I wanted to show Gina how to explore herself. Her finger moved round her clitoris, and dipped into her pussy. Her back arched, and she moaned, her eyes closed.

"Now two fingers," I said. "How does that feel?"

She hardly seemed to hear me. Her legs were wide open now, and one hand clutched at her breast while the other thrust firmly in and out of her wet pussy.

I reached onto a shelf and brought out my vibrator. I switched it on and put its buzzing tip just next to her clitty. Gina's response was to moan loudly and push her hips towards it. I rubbed the vibrator around her clitty and teased her pussy lips and the entrance to her hole, and that was it for Gina. Her knees clamped around my arm and her hips writhed as an orgasm rushed through her. But I hadn't finished yet.

I switched off the vibrator and then slid it into her love hole as far as it would go. It slipped in easily because she was so wet, and the firm thrusting had Gina coming again and again. The sight of her writhing in front of me was enough to set little orgasms shooting deep inside my own fanny. I could have gone for more, but I decided that would satisfy me until I could fantasize about this session later on, with the vibrator inside me.

Afterwards, Gina looked what I can only describe as a bit glazed. She didn't say much, but hugged me and said thanks. It's never happened again, but I suspect that she's been doing a little exploring on her own and with her husband because divorce hasn't been mentioned since!

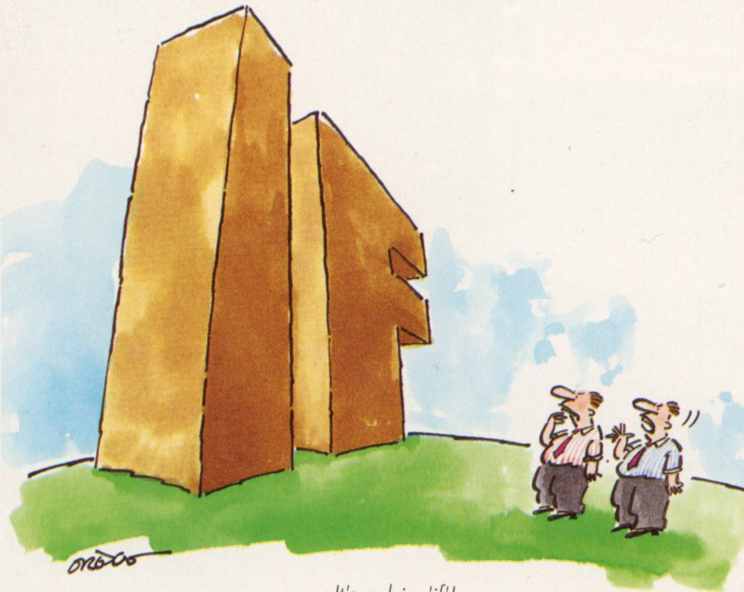
HV, Maidenhead

First love

Centrefold Charlotte (Vol 26 No 7) — what a dream of a girl! Pink, frilly, innocent — she's a *Mayfair* man's ideal! She has the most perfect breasts I've ever seen, and she reminds me strongly of the first girl I ever had a crush on — Joanne, my PE teacher at school. I can't have been more than fourteen, but I already had an extremely vivid imagination and the way her breasts used to sway and bounce under her T-shirt when she was demonstrating basketball certainly set my mind racing.

All thoughts of being the love of her life were squashed, however, when I stumbled into the changing rooms after school one evening and caught her and Mr Heddrick from technical drawing in a rather compromising position. I laugh now, but at the time I was devastated. Thankyou *Mayfair*, for taking me back to those trembling times of extreme youth!

KH, Bath



It's a big 'if'!

Office romance

In my office, affairs are definitely not allowed — on pain of dismissal. So when I found myself irresistibly drawn to my new male secretary, I didn't know what to do.

I'd picked him because I thought I wouldn't fancy him. He was a lot younger than me, quiet and boyish. Normally I've always preferred professional, older men.

His name was Stuart, and he was always smart and polite. I tried to get him out of my mind but it was impossible. I found myself dreaming of him every night and when I tried to dictate a letter to him I stammered and blushed.

Deep down, I hated my job anyway, so I quit and joined a rival company. My first task on the day I started was to give Stuart a call.

He seemed delighted to hear from me and we arranged to meet for a drink that evening. I said it was to give him information I'd forgotten when I left.

That evening, I dressed to kill. I wore a tight black dress and high heels and wore my long hair up to show off my neck and shoulders. I'm normally a confident sort of woman but the thought of being with Stuart had completely shattered my composure. I was trembling when I saw him sitting waiting for me.

After relaxing for a while chatting, I decided to get straight to the point. Putting a casual hand on his leg, I asked, "Would you like to come back to my place?"

To cut a long story short, pretty soon I was in my circular satin-sheeted bed with my legs wrapped around the firmest, hardest body I'd ever experienced. Stuart sucked my nipples, placing my fingers round his thick, swollen cock. I responded eagerly, sensations already trembling across my body.

Stuart worked his way down my body, pausing to lick my navel and the sides of my body, before gently sliding his tongue between my plump pussy lips.

It sent a bolt of sensation through me as his tongue centred on my clit, licking and circling it relentlessly. Juices oozed over his mouth as he lapped at me, thrusting his hard tongue deep into me, holding my writhing hips steady with his hands.

I was on the point of climaxing, when Stuart stopped his delicious licking and gently turned me over and onto all fours. I pointed my bottom upwards so that he could enter my pussy easily, and this he did slowly, but firmly, while his hands reached

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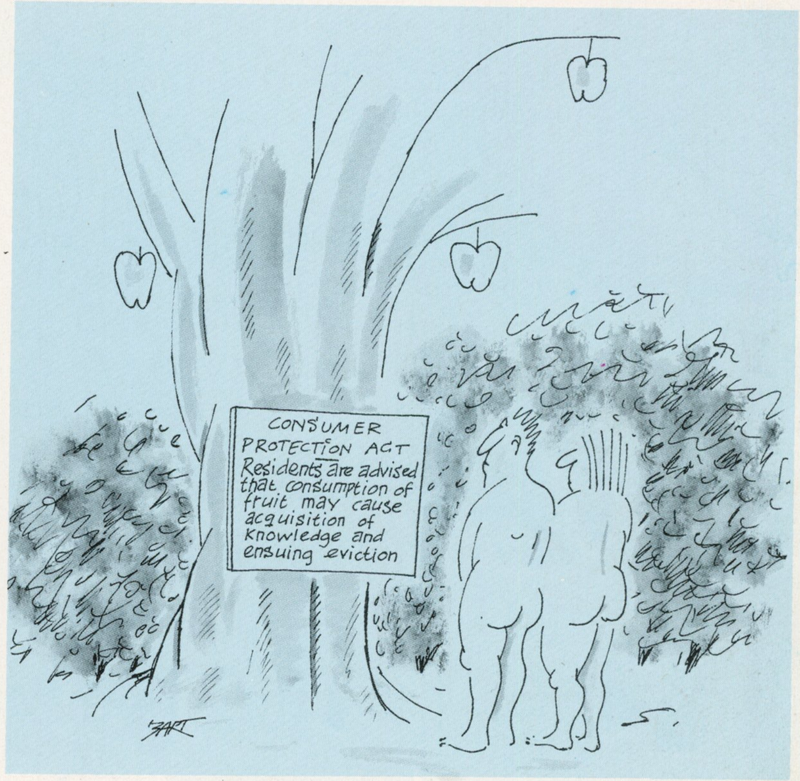

LETTERS

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underneath me to continue that delicious stimulation of my clitty and nipples.

I thought I would explode! Stuart pumped in and out of me, and I met him thrust for thrust. He was able to keep going until climax after climax had swept over me, before coming himself, deep inside me.

We fell into each other's arms on the bed, exhausted. It wasn't long though before being so close to my living fantasy had my pussy swelling up and getting juicy again

Stuart and I had an incredibly passionate affair, which of course was far too stormy to last; but my lovemaking with him will always be the most exciting I've ever experienced.
SD, Birmingham

Desperate for Dawn

If ever a girl oozed sex, that girl is Dawn (Vol 26 No 6 and No 8).

Dawn, you are gorgeous! With your come-to-bed eyes and decidedly raunchy underwear you really set my blood racing! You have been featuring quite prominently in my dreams recently, wearing even more of your sexy gear, and slowly stripping it off.

You look as though you know what you'd like in bed and you'd make me give it to you! Not that I'd need much persuasion. Your smooth skin and beautiful face would make me putty in your hands!

Anyway, that's about all I've got to say really except that I'll have my eyes peeled waiting for you to appear again in my favourite magazine!
SB, Dorset

Personality counts

Not only are the girls in *Mayfair* beautiful, but many of them are also the gutsy, go-getting type of woman that boosts the heart-rate of most red-blooded men.

The attractiveness of a woman is definitely increased if she comes across as being independent and a bit of a challenge for a chap. A beautiful girl without any sparkle will certainly catch your eye, but she won't keep an intelligent man's attention for long.

I'm so pleased that *Mayfair's* models are far from being bimbos. It makes dreaming about your girls so much more fun. Now I can imagine conversations I could have as well as just gazing at their beautiful features!
RW, Carlisle

Steamy dream

My boyfriend, Jim, is in the army and he's been away for several weeks now. Whenever he's abroad, I get obsessed by all the sex I'm not getting, and I'm plagued by dreams of a very erotic nature.

I woke at 3am last night, sitting bolt upright after the sexiest dream I've ever had. I'd flown to Germany to find Jim, and after a long trek I finally found him. We couldn't get enough of each other, kissing passionately and tearing at each other's clothes as soon as I reached the base. Then he took me by the hand and led me to a dark room, slowly stripped me and laid me on the floor. Suddenly hands and lips came from every direction, stroking my body, rubbing my breasts and sucking my nipples. The feelings were delicious, and small, shivery climaxes filled my pussy, building up and up to an almighty orgasm.

I had just parted my thighs and was expecting my husband's big cock to slide into me when suddenly I woke up. There I was, bolt upright in bed, my pussy hot and swollen and no way of satisfying myself.

I knew I could slip my finger between my lovelips and rub myself to a swift orgasm, but it wasn't enough. I'd been teased with the prospect of a stiff knob rubbing every inch of my slippery pussy walls. Nothing else would do.

I sat up and switched on the light and looked around the room. My curling tongs? A deodorant bottle? The last banana in the fruit bowl? None of them were quite right.

I got up and went to the kitchen. A wooden spoon? A saucepan handle? Absently, I took the hoover out of the cupboard and switched it on and placed the vibrating handle against my pussy mound. Whenever I've been really horny, this always succeeds in giving me a monstrous orgasm.

Pretty soon, the vibrations had my clitty hard and throbbing and I pushed my mound harder against the handle to spread the wonderful feelings

further along my lovelips and deep into my pussy.

My orgasm was approaching, but it still wouldn't be the same without the deep thrusting from a rigid cock.

But there was nothing. I swore to myself that tomorrow I'd buy a vibrator *and* a dildo, but until then I just had to make do with my imagination. I went back into my bedroom and lay down on the bed.

I closed my eyes in the dark and imagined a pair of hands massaging my boobs, kneading and rubbing them together, before a mouth sank onto my red nipples and sucked them till they were hard. The hands spread over my body, stroking every inch, until they reached my thighs, when they gently slipped between them, the fingers rubbing along my wet slit and circling round my love-bud. Then I felt my legs being parted, and the tip of a rock hard cock nudging between my labia. Without any further preliminaries, the cock drove into my pussy right up to its hilt, and began thrusting firmly in and out of me.

I writhed and bucked on the bed, as orgasm after orgasm swept over me. I felt the cock slide out of me and the next thing I knew my imaginary lover was massaging it between my boobs and thrusting gently into my cleavage. I felt the shaft grow hotter and harder and then I felt creamy come spurt all over my breasts.

I fell asleep rubbing the warm liquid into my breasts. In fact I enjoyed my dream-session so much, I've started going to bed earlier and earlier!
KG, Berwick Ⓜ

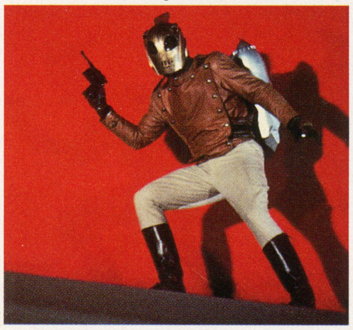
SCENE

On the Scene this month: Tony Price on the world's wierdest wheels (opposite),

Bob Holmes previews the football season (page 14), your chance to rally with

the professionals (page 20) and life's a beach for scantily-clad stars. Plus

strange true stories, peculiar quotes, the pick of this month's movies, books and



CDs — and the very best of British bottoms! If we packed in any more goodies the pages might burst...

glamour

BRITISH BUMS — UNBEATABLE!

BRITAIN has the best bums in the world — that's the bottom line! Whether you like a pert peach or a plump rump, we leave other countries bringing up the rear. This is the considered opinion of an American group who have been examining bottoms closely for the last year.

"No other part of the body shows off trends like a bottom!" claims a spokesman for the Institute of Sexology in California. "Since before the days of the bustle, the backside has reflected fashion and that varies from country to country. In the US, for example, every woman wants a size 8 ass like Princess Diana, whilst in some Third World countries, a big butt is both a sexual stimulant and a sign of success. "

So why is our country leading from behind? Apparently, British ladies are less inclined to try to follow fashions, and so we can boast a better variety of shapes and sizes of sit-

upon than any other nation. For every man who wants to see a taut rear, there's a guy who believes that "Fat bottomed girls make the rocking world go round".

Nor is anybody, apparently, as botty potty as the Brits. Only Britain bothers to hold a Rear of the Year contest to commemorate such beautiful backsides as those belonging to Felicity Kendall and Anneka Rice.

But what about the future? "Britain looks set to retain its individuality," say the anthropologists. "Just as East Europeans become concerned about appearing as slim as Western girls, Britain falls in love with *The Darling Buds of May*, a series that has made cuddly women fashionable again!"

mayfair reads

Our round-up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

HERMAN BIFFERT applied for a licence to hunt in the Canadian woodlands and was quite surprised when he got one. Why? Because he is blind. According to Herman, he hunts by allowing one of his mates to line the shot up while he just pulls the trigger. He sees — so to speak — this as a strike for the disabled. "People in wheelchairs get hunting licences, so why not me?" — *National Enquirer*

JAPANESE car assembler Ku Wan Lee got electrocuted on the shop floor, but instead of suing the company (not the done thing in Japan it would seem) he has turned his misfortune into a money-making exercise. He earns extra cash by cooking — not as a chef, but as a novelty act. Ku doesn't need an oven because he can literally cook with his bare hands. After the accident Ku discovered that he has the ability to retain an electrical charge and can discharge it through his fingertips. Items on the menu include bacon, chicken drumsticks, whitebait and fillet steak. — *Tokyo News*

AMERICAN graveyards could be facing a huge crisis — because of overcrowding. They are becoming too full because the bodies in them aren't decomposing. The problem, according to experts, is that Americans eat such large quantities of junk food that their bodies become saturated in preservatives. The preservatives delay, and in some cases completely halt the decaying process. The big fear now is that this could put undertakers out of work. —*Michigan Post*

gizmos

WATCH YOUR SPORT

IF YOU'RE the sort of person who spends most of your time at great sporting events staring at your wrist timing laps, then the Oceanus range of watches from Casio is for you. Casio, perhaps best known for their cheap but practical digital watches, have now launched this prestige range with more gizmos and glitter.

The Oceanus AW503L/1AV (nobody can accuse Casio of giving their watches overly fancy names!) is for motorsport fans and costs £164.99. It's able to record 100 lap times and recall them when you want, has three daily alarms (handy for very dull days at the office) and a countdown alarm.

Dinghy owners will find the AD500G/7GV makes yachting plain sailing with an alarm that can be set up to 24 hours before the start of a race, then gives you a series of audible warnings an hour before the off (to get you out of the *Harbour Lights* pub in Cowes in plenty of time). It also has a stopwatch accurate to 100th of a second and costs £149.99.

For those who simply want a classy watch with a real dial and digital accuracy, the AW5021/3AV is best with just a stopwatch, daily alarm and fine quality leather strap and a stainless steel case at £94.99.

And no, you can't buy any of them off a card in motorway service stations!

gossip

DANNII'S DROP-OUT

WHAT'S got into those outrageous Minogue girls recently? First Kylie tells the world she's "discovered sex" and makes it clear she's out to make the most of it. (The 22-year-old Hotpants Queen even confesses to carrying nude pictures of herself in her handbag!) Then sexy sister Dannii pops her top on Top of the Pops! Well, in the rehearsal anyway.

Our man on the set of the BBC1 chart show revealed that raven-haired Dannii's dancing was so energetic while performing her latest hit single that her boobs accidentally escaped from her tight, low-cut dress. According to our source, the unexpected appearance of the star's not inconsiderable breasts caused "panic amongst the astounded audience as the male contingent tried to get a closer look."

Videos of Miss Minogue's onstage boob are rumoured to be changing hands for hundreds of pounds, though even *Mayfair* has failed to track one down — so far...

motoring

SENT TO COVENTRY

THERE was a time when they used to hand out degrees to anyone who could afford to get drunk and laze around for three years. Times change, though, and these days students actually have to do some work. Those studying Automative Design at Coventry Polytechnic evidently do, anyhow. And to prove it not one of their designs looks like a bottle of Beck's beer.

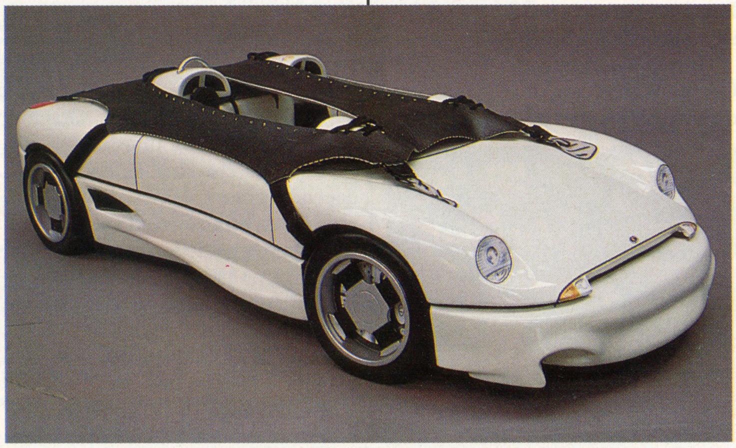
At least that's the theory. Sadly, whilst they spend several years refining ideas, learning about engineering and drawing radical designs, students often end up producing cars which look much like any other when they start work.

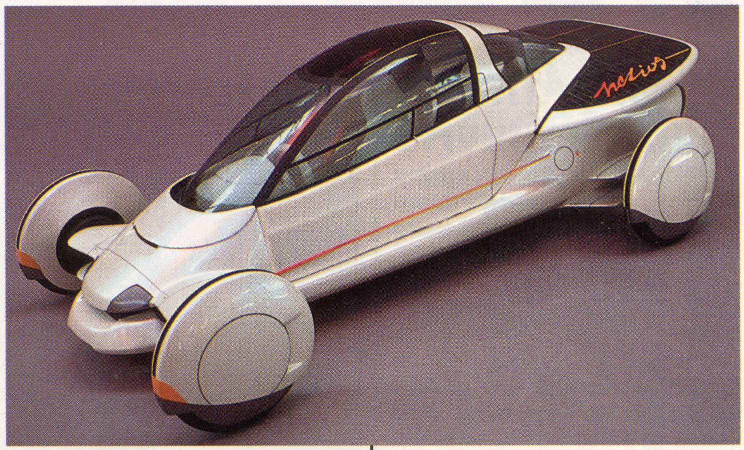
Judging by these early ideas from the cream of Britain's young designers, one suspects that the overwhelming blandness of many modern cars is built in by cost accountants. But even working within these tough financial constraints, imaginative design can produce something swoopy and stylish.

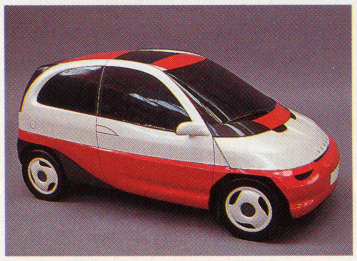
For example, the market is currently demanding a Skoda. Millions of Eastern Europeans, having junked communism and the Trabants that (don't) go with it, now want what we've got — Big Macs and Big Mercs. And seizing a major marketing opportunity by the throat, VW have stepped in and bought Skoda in order to offer 350 million new Europeans a chance to take the first step on the ladder of car ownership.

Jonathan Dredge of Coventry Poly saw the same opportunity and so designed a new kind of Skoda, aiming to capture the spirit of the Mini and Fiat 500. It differs from your average Skoda in many ways: for a start it looks good, undoubtedly a first for Skoda who pioneered the Czech marketing concept of IMLOBIATI, or to put it more simply, It May Look 'Orrible, But It's All There Is.

Below: the amazing Mea Culpa is outrageously quick, noisy and very sexy indeed







Above: the environmentally friendly, solar-powered Helios. Left: the stylish new-look Skoda

Initially the Czechs will be more than happy with their new Skoda, but sooner or later they'll want something bigger and better; something they can't afford, which isn't practical and which is designed for the type of person who doesn't have to work. In fact, something like Francois Pesez's Mea Culpa, an exotic little number which makes a Lamborghini look like a Range Rover. It's noisy, sexy and outrageously quick. And aptly named, *mea culpa* being Latin for "It's my fault (officer)."

Mea Culpa is a supercar, and as such would be pitched in amongst the likes of Lamborghini and Ferrari. But one has to ask how super is a car which will actually be beaten on any normal roads by a Golf GTI? These days your average supercar is an impractical giant — hugely constructed, and an absolute bugger to manoeuvre.

Realistically, then, at this level less is sometimes more — hence F1 designer Gordon Murray's decision to launch the Rocket, a pocket-sized supercar which, although smaller and lighter than a Mini, still boasts an impressive 0-60 time of merely four seconds. Coventry's Andrew Cowell — though lacking Murray's F1 experience — came up with a similar argument and followed suit with a compact but very sporty three-wheeler. Surprisingly, his own design offers ultra-high performance but in a compact and easy to handle package. He still agrees it is hardly a sensible car for the New Age, saying, "Dynamically it is pure fantasy, environmentally it is anathema and socially it's an insult." Praise indeed.

The Greens would probably prefer James Watkins' Helios, a pro-environment solar-powered car which loves sunshine, respects the intelligence of whales and doesn't want to hurt trees. Unfortunately, the trouble with solar cars, apart from the fact that 1991 has so far been a sun-free year, is that they don't go very fast. On the plus side, Helios does look the part, so if the only thing shining in your neck of the woods is the wet road surface, you can at least recycle the thing as garden sculpture.

The final project of note came from Manu Rohr who concieved and designed what he calls the Polymorph Marine Ultrasport Vehicle. Or should we say vehicles, since it actually comprises a 42ft Class II offshore catamaran with a drive-on all-wheel drive Group C supercar twin. The idea being, of course, that the same turbocharged 7.2 litre engine powers both. That means 274 mph on land, 106 knots on water. One day all cars will be built this way. Er... or perhaps not. — *Tony Price*

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

FOR THOSE who feel that summer sports are mere substitutes for the real thing, the start of the football season is always cause to quaff a jar or two. And with the apparent waning of hooliganism, the continued increase in gates and the return of a full complement of English clubs to Europe, there are genuine grounds for thinking the game might avoid getting its effing 'ed kicked in this winter. Yet when the show got underway on August 17, the average fans did not have a clue where they stood — if, indeed, they were standing at all.

Yes, for the "You can stick your Wimbledon — gimme footie" brigade, these are confusing times. They do not even know who is going to run the game, if there will be a Super League or just the same old divisions, whether to sit or stand, to go to a family pen or a sponsors' lounge or where to find the club's results — in the Pink 'Un or the Financial Times?

Last season began with high hopes — World Cup euphoria and Gazzamania — and it ended with Arsenal as champions and Gazza in hospital. Arsenal were boring — at least they don't change — but they were the best of a boring bunch. Indeed, the first division is so negative it might, as Tommy Docherty would say, be sponsored by Kodak.

The modern British player's redeeming feature is his fitness and unquenchable spirit which still appear too much for most technically superior continental sides — look how a mediocre Manchester United managed to win the European Cup-Winners' Cup in English clubs' first season back. So just what sort of a season can we expect?

On the international front, it is possible that England boss Graham

The king, the joker and the ace. Top: Hoddle, maybe the best player Spurs ever had. Above: Gascoigne's self-inflicted agony at Wembley. Right: Lineker leaves Walker standing

Taylor will get us through to the European Championship finals in Sweden but 'plane spotting may be more entertaining. When Taylor was in charge of air traffic control at Watford, opposing fans would quip: "Here one goes, here one goes, here one goes." One man with both feet on the ground is the boy Lineker who should top Bobby Charlton's England scoring record of 49 goals. For the last time, perhaps, we'll hear people say that he "done great".

Wales did even better to beat the Germans but are still likely to experience another gallant failure in their attempt to reach the final stage of a major tournament for the first time since the 1958 World Cup. Scotland are also capable of blowing their chances in their own group but with international standards having apparently plummeted to the level where even Vinny Jones might interest Real Madrid, Brits may do better than we think.

On the domestic front, Graeme Souness will need time to rebuild Liverpool's creaking defences and, depending on purchases, may have to regard it as a transitional season — in other words, settle for a lowly second place. But on Merseyside, honeymoon periods are traditionally brief and the Dalglish act is a hard one to follow. Arsenal will be favourites with the bookies — but no one else.

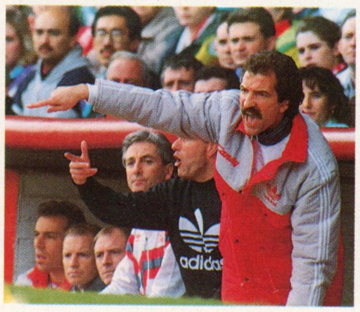
Even though El Tel convinced us that he is not, after all, a space alien (contrary to fanzine rumour) and found a Sugar Daddy to beat off Cap'n Bob Maxwell to buy Spurs, the floundering cockerel cannot be expected to do it in the league without Gazza. It's more than a touch ironic that the ex-barrow boy boss of Amstrad is now the gaffer at one of the few sides who play as if they have not been programmed by computer.

Biggest bankers of the new campaign are that Gazza keeps grabbing the headlines regardless of whether he kicks a ball for Lazio or Tottenham, and that Maxwell continues to write his own through his daily news sheet — whether or not he owns a club. The word is that he wanted Brighton and Hove Albion — until someone told him it was one and not three clubs.

There is little to stir the soul but a glimmer of hope exists in Division Two where two former Tottenham greats are trying to earn their managerial spurs. Ossie Ardiles is already bringing subtlety to Newcastle — not as daft as carrying coal — while Glenn Hoddle is Ossie's soul-mate successor at Swindon.

When born-again Christian Hoddle said many years ago that he'd found God, Jasper Carrot quipped: "Phew that must have been a helluva pass." The Hoddles and Ardileses among our dark satanic mills remain football's best hope of restoring faith. Finding God? Christ, just a bloke in the same colour shirt would do.

The managers make their points. Below: a confident Graham Taylor. Below right: Souness faces a tough job keeping the Kop happy



mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

"I sucked my thumb until I was 11. Then I went on to suck other things." — Roseanna Arquette.

"I'm a good kisser. I know that. They don't tell me I give good head though, believe me, I don't give it. Who wants to choke?" — Madonna (who else?).

"The other night some girl just about got my cock out of my pants. There was a girl holding an arm on each side and one in the middle that just went whoom! and unbuttoned my fly and everything, like in fucking seconds." — Michael Hutchence on the groupie experience.

"I enjoy sex. I think everyone should have some." — Dolly Parton.

"I like my wife to act feminine, look beautiful and cook dinner and cater for me." — Paul Hogan on how to treat a lady.

design

YOU CAN'T TOUCH THIS!

TAKE a look at this incredible Suzuki SW-1. Fancy one for yourself? Well, you can't. That's the message from top people's shop Liberty, who are host to the *Festival of Japan 1991,* an exclusive exhibition of new consumer products developed by the Tokyo Creative.

The aim of the Creative — a body made up of manufacturing companies from Japan such as Suzuki, Sharp and Seiko — is to design and market unobtainable new products, thus increasing consumer demand for them when one day they actually hit the shops. With the help of some of Japan's top designers, they've taken a whole range of products and turned them into desirable works of art.

The Suzuki SW-1 is a 50s-style moped with a thoroughly modern 250cc, four stroke, water-cooled engine. The creator, Naoki Sakai, claims that "modern product design is just like repeated incest." None of the products from Sakai's design studios are ever put into full production: instead they remain exclusive one-offs.

Other unobtainable exhibits at the festival include unique designs of Seiko's timepieces and Philips' hand-held television sets. The *Festival of Japan 1991* at Liberty, Regent Street, London W1 runs from Monday 16th September. Remember to leave your wallet at home.

excess

DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION

ONE OF the more imaginative attempts to ease executive stress, not involving silver balls, paint guns or your secretary, comes from a company called Drive-It-All Ltd. On offer is the chance to take out your aggression at over 100 miles per hour behind the wheel of a high powered Toyota Corolla Rally car.

Following an introductory demonstration alongside an instructor, the driver is let loose on a specially-designed course to go as fast as he dares. For those who can't bring themselves to abandon the competitive edge even for a day, drivers can race against the clock.

Drive-It-All also provide four wheel drive vehicles for competition over slippery terrain; trials and two seater sports cars for hill climbing; dune racing buggies, and Yamaha Quadbikes to try out on any of their 35 established sites across the UK.

The package ranges from £69 to £200 per person, the cost reducing as the size of the group increases. All enquiries should be made to Hannah Stephens, Drive-It-All Ltd, 50 High Street, Leighton Buzzard, Beds, or by telephoning them on (0525) 384903.

Two hundred pounds may seem a little excessive compared to other more commonly used methods of relaxation. Still, 15 pints of lager, a biryani and a good bonk is not to everyone's taste.

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILM

Too Hot To Handle Stunning sex symbol Kim Basinger stars in Neil Simon's romantic romp about a relationship built strictly on bonking. Basically it's another 90-minute excuse to fix your eyes firmly on Kim's curvaceous form and look longingly at the luscious lips that can set a man's underpants on fire at a distance of 40 paces.

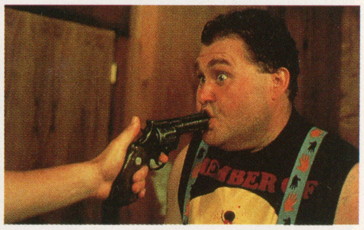
The Rocketeer Daredevil pilot Cliff Secord discovers an experimental rocket pack that makes him fly. Various villains are seen off amid some of the best aerial effects ever made. The producers, Disney, have promised Rocketeer theme parks if the movie takes off. Oh goody.

Whore Theresa Russell plays streetwise Los Angeles hooker Liz in this amusing tits-out social documentary. It's the latest offering from the king of kinky films, Ken Russell, using a clever mix of flashbacks and direct-to-the-camera dialogue to take you into the action. Look out for ex-Starsky and Hutch star Antonio Fargas (Huggy Bear to you, maaan) and, of course, Ms Russell's stunning breasts.

VIDEO

Perfectly Normal Oddball, downbeat comedy featuring Robbie Coltrane as a fugitive restauranteur with a shady past and an appetite for wine, women and opera, who meets ice hockey-playing brewery worker Renzo Parachi and turns his life upside down. Some very mad gags that leave you wondering exactly when to laugh.

Wishful Thinking A reasonably amusing tale of bungling bank robbers, sneaky psychiatrists and a magical midget starring the biggest cast of B-movie 'Who?' actors you'll ever see. Brilliant — if there's nothing good on the TV.

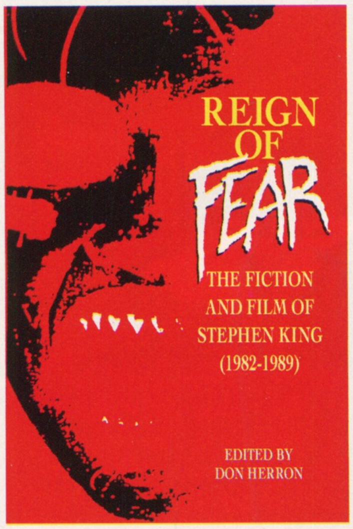


Ladies' Game Sexy ex-Charlie's Angel Tanya Roberts stars as a poker player whose cash-flow problems get her involved with murder, drugs, blackmail and lots of other decidedly un-ladylike things. Has fate dealt her a losing hand, or will her gorgeous looks and perfectly pert bottom get her out of trouble?

BOOKS

CW2 Yep, it's another 'Nam novel, but this very readable account by combat veteran Layne Heath is different: it tells the story of a soldier who wasn't content with just one tour of Vietnam. He loved his highly dangerous job as a helicopter pilot so much he went back for more... and more...

stars in their swimsuits



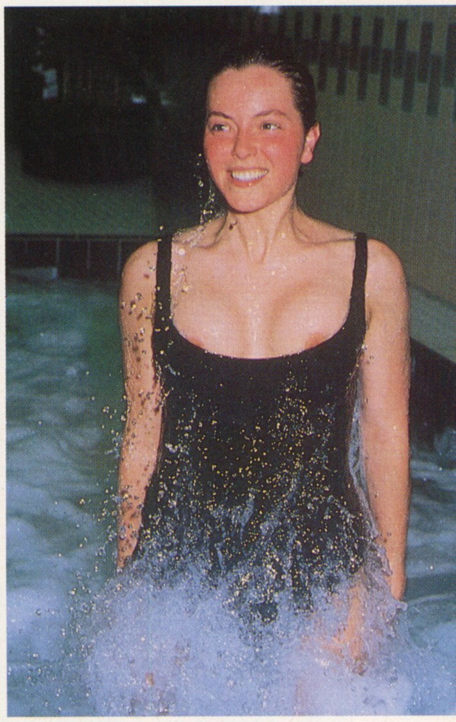
Reign of Fear is an in-depth probe into the phenomenon of Stephen King attempting to answer important questions like 'What does it take to frighten Stephen King himself?' Good book; we just hope he doesn't disown it the way he has all his films.

Elvis: The Last 24 Hours The home address of controversial biographer Albert Goldman's house must be the best-kept secret in America. If it isn't he'll be dead within two minutes of this book hitting the shelves. Goldman makes many claims about the King: he lived on a diet of drugs, he couldn't get it up in bed and his death was suicide. Yucky and fascinating.

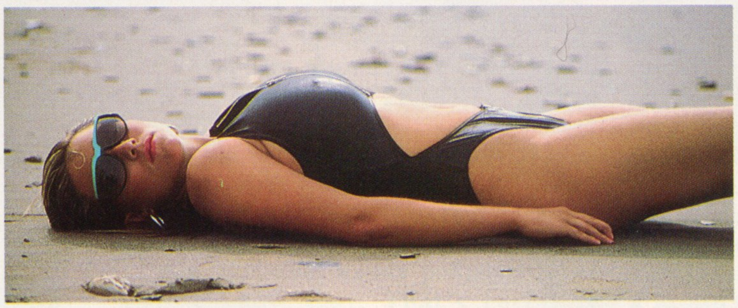
CDs

Lindy Layton is best known as the voice behind Beats International's *Dub Be Good To Me*. Now the dinky 19-year-old who once starred in Grange Hill has an album of her own called *Pressure* that mixes neat dance tunes with soulful ballads. Naughtiest track is *Do Me Baby,* written by Prince.

Guns 'N' Roses It seems like years since these bad boys had a CD out, and it is. *Use Your Illusion I* and *II* are two double albums that should make up for the wait. We wish we could tell you more but security surrounding them is so tight even the promise of a naked *Mayfair* girl popping round wasn't enough to get these mental muthas to give us copies. Surely they can't be *that* good!

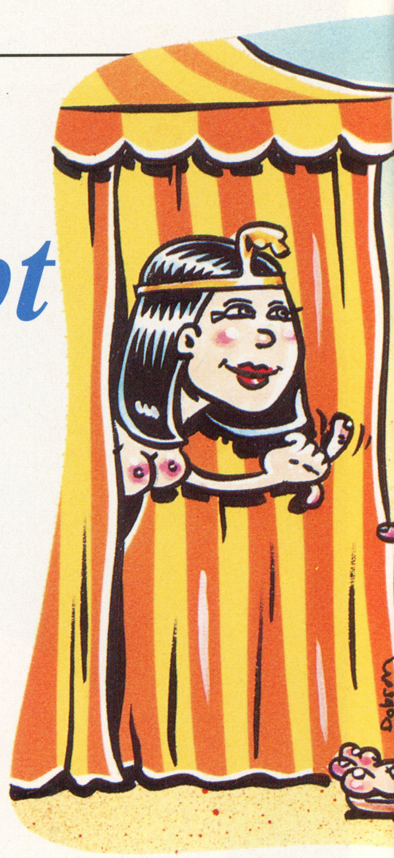


Life's a beach for these sexy stars of stage and screen. Taking the plunge clockwise from top left are: TV actress Cornelia Guest; actress Jamie Lee Curtis; actress Greta Scacchi busting out; comedienne Lisa Maxwell; actress Darryl Hannah; actress Patti D'Arbanville; great Dane Brigitte Neilson; and taking it lying down, Samantha Fox. Ⓜ



Chapter Two:

Life In Ancient Egypt



In the second part of our enthralling series we take a trip back in time to the days of Cleopatra's asp, Nefattiti's bosoms and sphinxters. Our guide to all things ancient is *Professor Stefan Backwards...*

A Walk On The Nile Side

As the Greek philosopher and historian Scrotumetes wrote: "There are few men alive who would not gaze in wonder at the Valley of Kings." And he was quite right too, because Nefattiti's cleavage was a real de-luxe model. Apart from this warm, soft canyon of silken, milky flesh, there were many other awe inspiring sights in the kingdom of Ancient Egypt. For the River Nile is civilisation's cradle (which is substantially different from being civilisation's Cradley — a contradiction in terms now I come to think of it).

The Nile is divided by geographers into three sections: the foaming White Nile, the meandering Blue Nile and the dribbling Sea Nile. It was on the banks of the Blue Nile that the first of Egypt's many dynasties was founded at the city of Memphis. The most influential figure of what historians know was the Blue Suede Nile Dynasty was the King, Elphisahpelphis, whose people, the Jordannaires (so called because they had flown from Amman) erected many an enormous hippo-burger in his honour. The King's palace at Greh-sah-Lahnad was only surpassed in size and splendour by his tomb at Rah-tun-tu-Sendah, in which his embalmed body was interred in 1,827 BC. The funeral was a spectacular affair with thousands of acolytes singing "It's Alright Mummy" and wiggling their legs in a peculiar fashion. Even today, some 4,000 years after his death, Elphisahpelphis' legacy — greasy hair, thick-soled shoes and baggy jackets — lives on in Skegness, Clacton and other places by-passed by modern civilisation. The ghost of the King is also said to stalk the Earth. It is frequently spotted, usually by journalists from *The Sunday Sport*, buying an anorak in the Basingstoke branch of Millets, popping a bet on at Catford Dog Track, or taking part in some other Ancient Egyptian type ritual.

Little wonder that Cleopatra's ass was admired the world over.

Eventually the capital of Egypt was moved to Thebes by a pharaoh named Dennis, the original Den of Thebes. Dennis was succeeded by many great kings. Tutankahman, whose tomb was filled with gold and jewels and bore an inscription of the dreaded Mummy's Curse — "I must come and visit you more often, dear,"; Tutankahmechanic, his tomb stuffed to bursting point with spanners, torque wrenches and carrying the motto, "I'm not finished yet. Can you come back Monday?"; and Tutencommon, his sarcophagus decorated with crisp packets and dog crap and bearing the ancient hieroglyph, "Duanne 4 Tracy."

It was during the reign of this last named pharaoh that one of Egypt's most famous statues, the Sphinx, was built. The Sphinx is half man, half lion. Nobody knows how this came to be, but it is undoubtedly the origin of the joke about Claude Balls. The Sphinx was supposedly very keen on riddles. In order to please him the pharaoh appointed a man whose task it was to tell the statue jokes. This man was called the sphinxter because he was a bit of an arsehole. After retirement many sphinxters went on to make 'hilarious' guest appearances on 'Whose Line It It Anyway?'

Another great innovation of Tutencommon's reign was the introduction of papyrus. Egyptians were very fond of papyrus. Especially the Sunday papyrus, which came with a colour supplement.

The Seven Wonders Of The Ancient World

1) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon: Burgeoning blooms swinging freely and naturally as a nubile Nordic nudist's bazonkas.
2) The Hanging Babes of Gardylon: Specially trained young women dangled from the rooftops in scanty underwear, in what the Ancient World's equivalent of Blackpool illuminations.
3) Sodom and Gomorrah: The Ancient World's largest department store. Particularly big in the men's trouser department.
4) The Colossus of Rhodes: 70 feet high statue of a naked man. The only thing in the ancient world with more in the dangling section than Babylon.
5) The Roads of Colossus: 3,000 year old gyratory system. Presented to Britain in 1872 by grateful Greek nationalists, it was installed as the M25 two years later.
6) The Light House at Pharos: So light it blew away in a stiff breeze and was never seen again.
7) The Library of Knossus: Largest selection of big-print Barbara Cartland's in the Ancient World. Eventually closed down due to;
a) Thatcherite cut backs.
b) Loony left councillors wasting money on one-parent lesbians.

Pork Like An Egyptian

Undoubtedly Ancient Egypt's most famous feature was the pyramids. However, I am reluctant to comment on them as it is difficult to find anything funny in something massive, old and full of obsolete crap. As Bernard Manning continually proves.

The largest pyramid of all is that of King Cheops. Cheops had an unnatural fondness for wild boars and was known to his subjects as 'Pork' Cheops. He even had his burial chamber decorated with drawings of

Her lovers were legion. The 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Legion to be precise.

pigs. Cheops' pork sketchings are famous throughout the world.

During the reign of Cheops many facets of traditional Egyptian life took shape. Embalming, for example, became a fine art. Unfortunately some embalmer's had rather peculiar personal habits and the term 'Mummy's Boy' had a whole different meaning.

The custom of the nobility distinguishing themselves by wearing clothes whilst everyone else scampered round in the nude also established itself in Cheops' time. At an aristocratic feast in Ancient Egypt it was not unusual to find the guests fully clothed and the servants stark naked (Of course, in modern Britain the opposite is true. Especially in Cambridge). This meant that diners were likely to find something more substantial than a fly in their soup. Happily for Egyptian noblemen, the noblewomen did not entirely cover themselves. Often they wore a dress which exposed one of their breasts. This fashion gave rise to a popular Egyptian joke:

Wife (to husband): "I've got terrible heartburn."

Husband: "I'm not surprised. Your left tit's resting in the stew."

Another popular peep-hole feature favoured by Egyptian women was a colourfully decorated button-down flap in the region of their genitals. Examples of these elaborate head-dresses survive to this day.

Sadly for Egyptian women it must be reported that Egyptian men tended to wear skirts, make-up and wigs. Nobody knows why they did this, but is certainly explains why they walked in an odd manner.

Some Lesser Known Ancient Civilisations

The Hittites: A nation of upper class cricket lovers. So named because of their cry, "Come on, man. Hittite or gettite!"

The Assyrians: A completely bottom fixated culture. The ancient pagan religion of moon worship, still practised in Benidorm to this day, had its hindquarters in Assyria.

The Philistines: Third branch of a tribe which also included the Philispectors, keen producers of girlie groups, and the Melistines, who were keepers of the Temple of Gazza.

The Canaanites: Bespectacled tribe from Syria's East End. And not a lot of people know that.

A New Cleo Device

Ancient Egypt's most famous monarch was, of course, Cleopatra. According to Scrotumetes: "Cleopatra had hazel eyes, coffee-coloured skin, strawberry lips, breasts as full and ripe as pomegranates, a bottom like a peach and a honeypot for a vagina.". Which means that either she was very sexy indeed, or Scrotumetes has got his history mixed up with his shopping list. It seems certain that the former was the case as Cleopatra was incredibly popular with the opposite sex. Her lovers were legion. The 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Legion to be precise.

Cleopatra was noted for her beautiful skin. In order to preserve its smoothness she bathed in asses' milk twice a day. It took 6 gallons of milk to fill the Royal bath, and all of it was provided by the Queen's donkey, Khufu. Little wonder then that Cleopatra's ass was admired the world over. In time the donkey became so famous that farmers suffering from low-lactation would come to Thebes and ask to stroke Cleopatra's little Khufu, in the hope that it would increase the size of their yield.

Queen Cleopatra built many things during her reign, but perhaps her most famous erection (apart from that of Julius Caesar — he'll come later. As indeed he did) was her needle. Readers who have seen Cleopatra's Needle may well wonder about the size of her equipment, but, in fact, it had nothing whatsoever to do with a hi-fi system. The needle was purely decorative. Cleopatra liked a regular obelisk in the Royal passageways. It made her smile.

Sadly for Cleopatra and fun-loving males everywhere, her life ended when she bitten by an asp. This was the only unhappy asp-pecked of her reign. Apart from that pathetic joke, that is.

The most influential figure was Elphisahpelphis.

Meanwhile, In Belgium

Nothing continued to happen. Or rather it didn't...

Five Amazing Inventions And Their Original Uses

1) Polystyrene Ceiling Tiles — Ground up and used as aphrodisiac.
2) Pitta Bread — Split lengthways to form cheap footwear.
3) Condoms — Slipped over cucumbers to provide protection from flies and other insects.
4) Dildo — Used in the manufacture of cucumber preservers.
5) Cling film — Wrapped around the penis as a method of contraception.

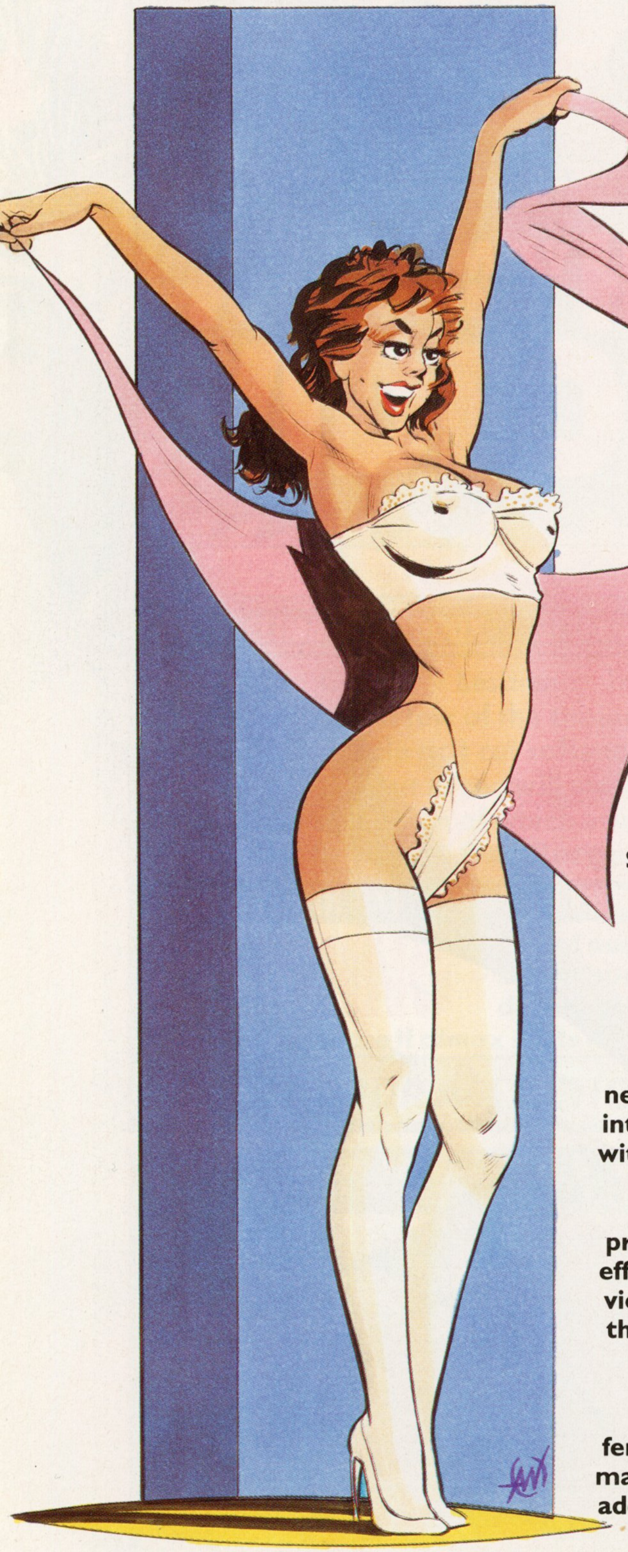
Egyptian women often wore a dress which exposed one of their breasts. This fashion gave rise to a popular Egyptian joke.

TWELVE IN A BED

Our researchers bring you the real facts about sex in the rest of Europe. Read their findings and 'closer union' will take on a whole new meaning...

In the coming United States of Europe, we'll all have to spend the same money, eat the same food and work the same hours — but try as he might, Jacques Delors can't standardise sex.

Amid all the excitement (*What excitement? Where? - Ed*) surrounding closer links with the Continent, nobody has yet found out what sort of people we're getting into bed with. Until now. Our researchers have uncovered the really important facts about the citizens of Europe — the low-down on their sex lives. It only goes to show that our suspicions were right all along: they're a funny old mob over the Channel, with some pretty odd habits. It's going to take more than an EEC directive to make us cuddle up to this lot...



*Lovemaking doubles in Spain during the summer. Researchers put this down to less fatigue and stress, as well as the effect of all those semi-nude bodies on the beach...

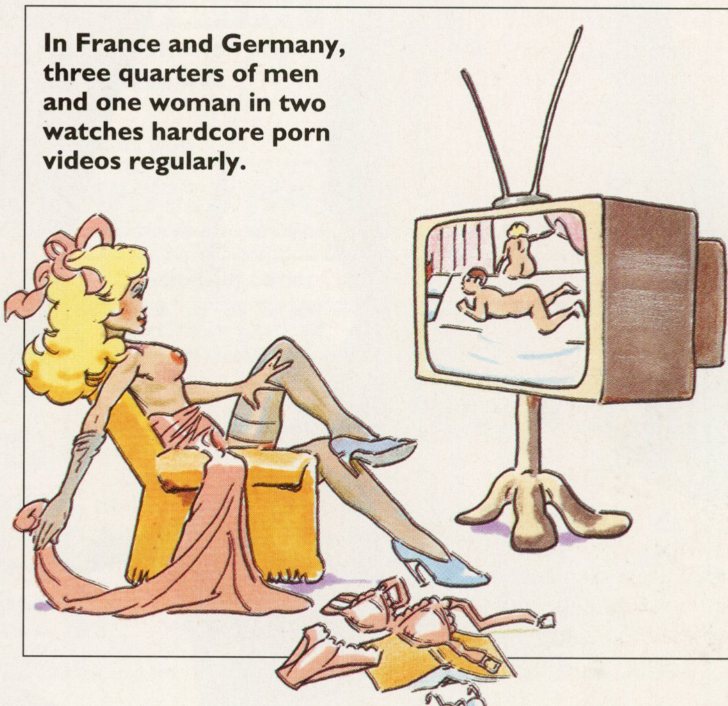
*So much for sex-mad Latin lovers. A survey reveals that 78 per cent of Italians want a relationship based on affection, peace and solidity: only 18 per cent say they are interested in casual flings.

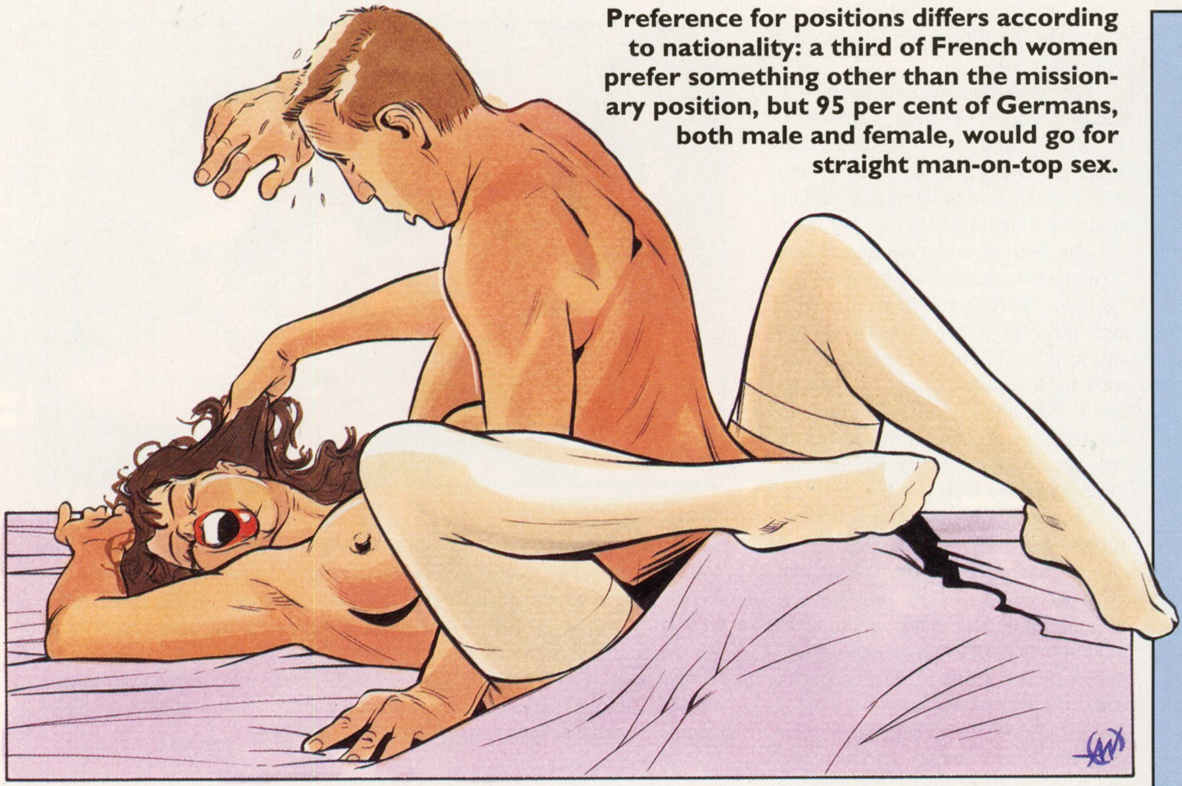
*In France the government health organisation RFSU Medic will supply g-spot stimulators, erection pumps and other accessories free of charge.

*Whatever happened to the English virgin? When the Guardian carried out a sex poll, it couldn't find one woman over 25 who had not made love. The young and old were happiest with their sex lives: 48 per cent of the 18-24 year olds and 47

Sex and politics go together bizarrely in Spain. The current affairs programme *A Day and a Day*, which features news reports and interviews, closes with an attractive lady dancing a striptease — presumably in an effort to keep the viewers watching through all those dull politicians. After massive protests from female viewers, a male stripper was added to the line-up too.

In France and Germany, three quarters of men and one woman in two watches hardcore porn videos regularly.





Preference for positions differs according to nationality: a third of French women prefer something other than the missionary position, but 95 per cent of Germans, both male and female, would go for straight man-on-top sex.

per cent of the over-55s were 'very satisfied'.

*Nine per cent of husbands in Lisbon think their wives have been unfaithful. They're wrong: only seven per cent told confidential researchers they had messed around. Twelve per cent of the brides suspect their husbands of hanky panky — and they're wrong too: *half* the men admitted cheating on their wives!

*The German designer Friedrich von As has built a special piece of furniture to enable him to have sex in acrobatic positions. He's not the first: in 1899 Felix Faure, then president of France, died while making love in a chair he'd had built for the same purpose...

*Sex by the 'back door' is most popular in Portugal, where 40 per cent of women had practised it in the previous month, according to a survey in *Semanario* magazine. It is viewed as a normal method of birth control and a good way to preserve 'virginity' before marriage.

*Fifty-three per cent of French women say the eyes are the sexiest part of a man, while 32 per cent say it's the mouth, according to the magazine *Nouvel Observateur*. The blokes, though, are more conventional: a reassuring 54 per cent go for a mademoiselle's boobs.

*In Italy, the favoured expression for having sex is "To take a little tour". And the favourite occupation on a date for three couples in four is going for a walk. Are these in any way related?

Forty-seven per cent of German men think they are more attractive than average. And where do they get this opinion from? The brothel, where one German in three goes once a month or more.

*In Spain, 30 per cent of women and 20 per cent of men believe they are sexually inhibited. To help with this, the first "University of Pleasure" has opened in Madrid. On the curriculum are body energy, breathing and sexual expression — whatever that means...

*According to Professor Habermehl of Hamburg's Quote Institute, the Dutch make love on average 2.5 times per week — but only two thirds of Dutch women enjoy it.

*A survey asked 2000 English men and women how many lovers they'd had in their lives. Of the women, in the 16-24 age group, the maximum was 11. From 25-34 it was 20, from 25-44 it was 26, but those over 45 years would not admit to having more than five!

*The most chaste nation are the Spanish: 32 per cent of the women admit they do not have any sexual relations at all.

Sources: Le Point, Sofres, Semanario, SWG Trieste, Marie Claire, Current Science, Centre d'Etude de Sida, Insitut Internationale de la Sante, Sexological Society of Madrid, L'Expresso, Nouvel Observateur.

EUROSEX CHARTER

Based on our researchers' findings, *Mayfair* has saved Jacques Delors the trouble of regulating sex across Europe: we've written his Sexual Charter for him. Just like the Social Charter, it covers every aspect of the subject, but the main points are as follows:

1. Guaranteed minimum sex levels. Every citizen will be entitled to at least one bonk per week.

2. Sex will only be alowed between the hours of 9 and 11 pm continental time. That's when the good telly's on in Britain — but since they don't have good telly in Europe, they're not bothered about that.

3. All positions apart from the missionary will be banned (this will keep the Germans happy, because according to our findings they don't know how to do it any other way.) The the position will be renamed "Die Krautbonk". However, the French will still be allowed to do it Froggie style.

4. To promote sexual equality, pretty people will have to sleep with ugly people and vice versa. All pairings will have to be approved by Brussels.

5. But in an effort to eradicate Belgians, they will not be allowed to have sex at all.

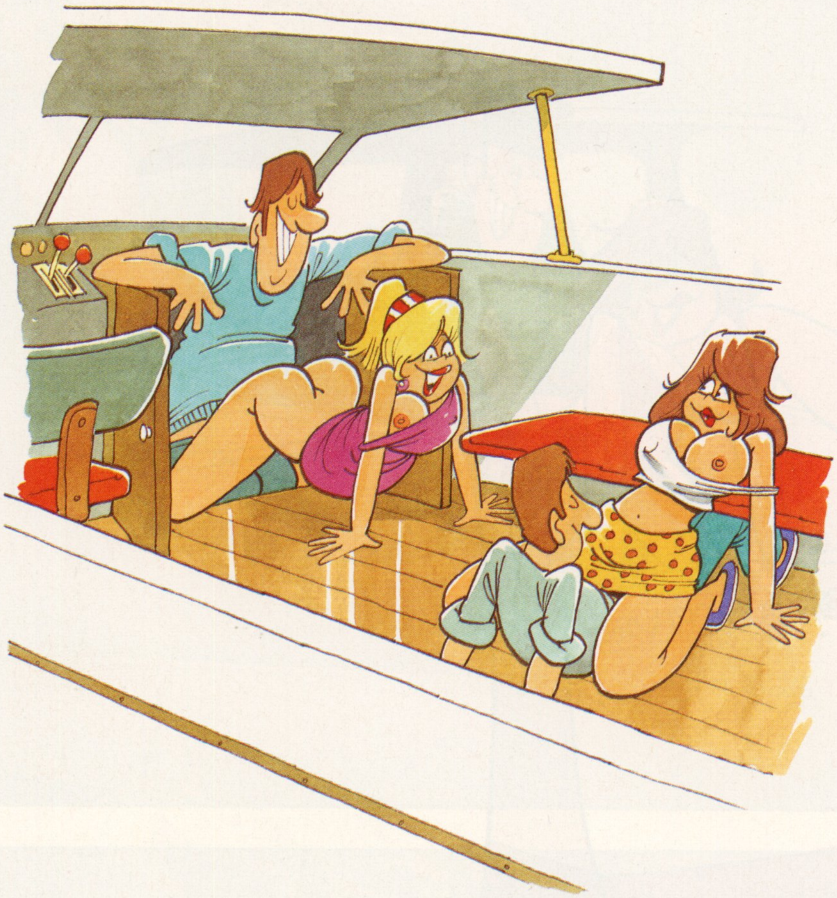
6. Any sex which has not been used will be kept in a sex mountain, located in a warehouse just outside Frankfurt. Owned, of course, by the Germans.

7. Finally, the age of consent will be raised to 85. Or however old Jacques Delors is at the time. Ⓜ

'Says he's not launching her till he's filled all the holes'

All aboard! Things are hotting up in the engine room and the crew are in knots... Cartoonist Anthony takes a stern view...

A Vast Behind!



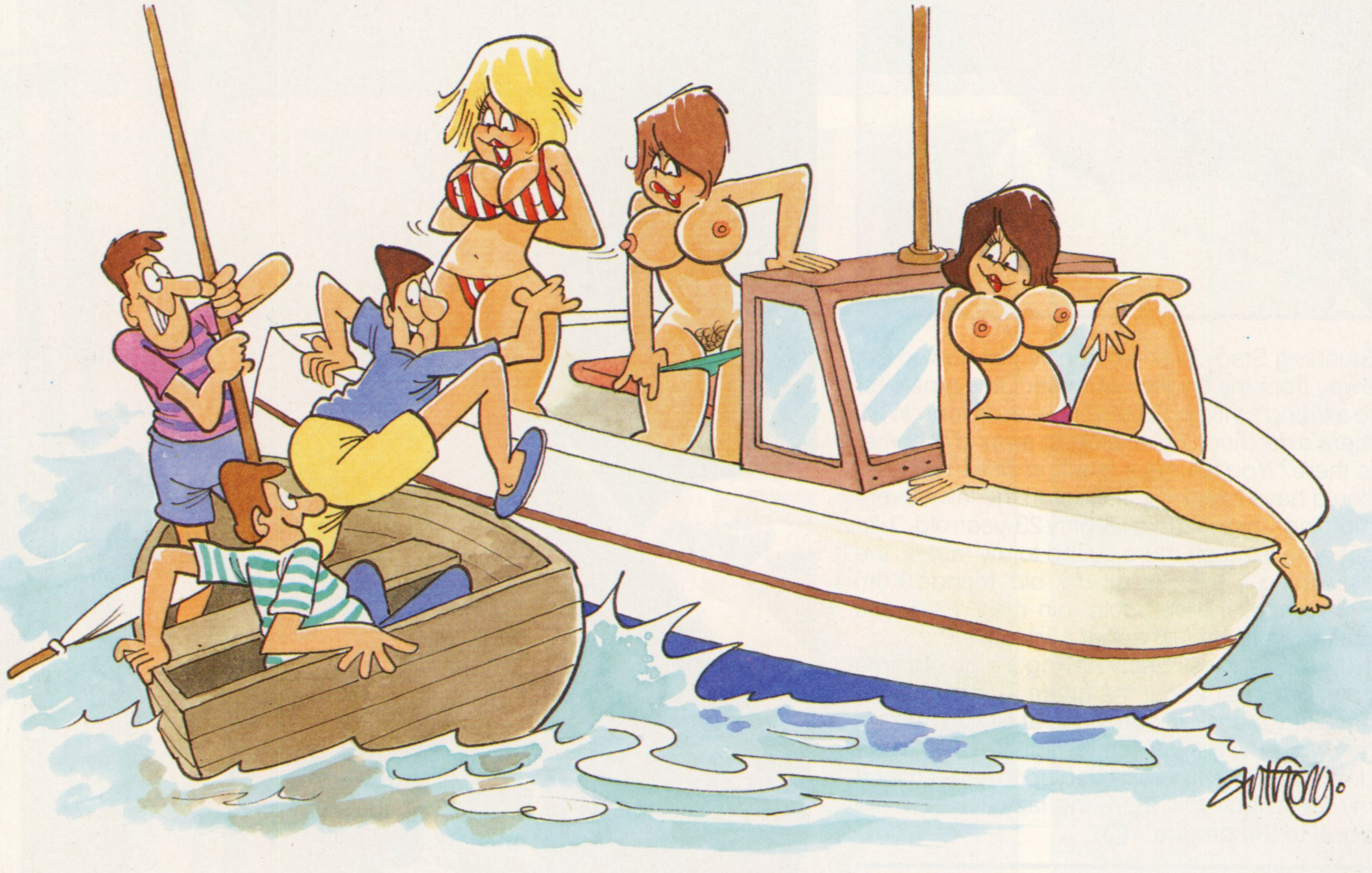
*'So this is what they mean by **all hands on deck!**'*

'Janet! You 're supposed to be hoisting up the mainsail'

'Wow! That was fantastic... How was it for you?'

'There's a slight swell springing up, Dierdrie... Can you feel it?'

'I'm pumping as fast as I can, but the water seems to be coming in!'



'Okay, chaps... Abandon ship!'

One of the most powerful sexual fetishes — for both men and women — is the wearing of erotic lingerie combined with frottage (the act of being brought to climax by being stroked and fondled through clothing). Quest talks to four respondents who commonly practise this fetish and hears about the effects both on their sex lives and their partners.

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: You became sexually active at an early age, didn't you?

Miss L: Yes, because of the way I was brought up. Sexual matters were dealt with very openly, I never had any fear about losing my virginity or about what sex might entail. And after I lost it I never looked back. Once I'd experienced sex I wanted more and more of it, until it got to the stage where my sexual appetite was so large that I almost thought it might be abnormal! But by talking it over with my mother I realised that it was all right — I was just very highly sexed.

Quest: So when did you become interested in frottage?

Miss L: When I was about 20, I suppose. I never knew what the word meant for years, though obviously I'd been practising it all that time. It was only when someone I was sleeping with mentioned the word to me that I actually went and looked up what it meant!

When I was 20 I left home and came to live in Blackburn, which is about 100 miles from where my family live. Naturally this meant that I left behind the boyfriend I'd been going out with for a couple of years, and for the first time in a long while I was left without the regular sex that I needed. So I started experimenting with various ways of masturbating myself and pleasuring my body. I really needed the release of orgasms, and so I tried all kinds of ways to bring myself off. Eventually I found that I really got excited if I touched and rubbed myself through clothes, and particularly lingerie.

Quest: Was there any specific kind that made you especially excited?

Miss L: Yes, I found that silk and satin were

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Miss L
Sex.... Female
Age.... 25
Town of origin.... Blackburn
Other details.... This farmer's daughter is an attractive brunette who has enjoyed frottage from her earliest sexual experiences, and now introduces all her lovers to this art.

Quest

the best. They really feel smooth and sexy against your skin, and whenever I feel them rubbing onto my nipples or my pussy I get a lovely tingling feeling all over. It happens when I'm walking down the street or sitting at my desk in the office — anywhere. I love the little shivers that run right through me, making me feel wet and warm inside my pussy.

When I discovered that I could get these wonderful feelings from underwear, I started buying loads of it — bras, little camisoles, tiny knickers and thongs, French knickers, and hundreds of silk stockings. Honestly, I've collected drawers full of them over the last seven or eight years.

I use them to excite myself like this: I relax and prepare myself for a good long evening of pleasuring myself — it's no good for me if I'm rushing or I think I might be interrupted by the doorbell. Then I undress myself down to my favourite lingerie, say a creamy camisole and French knickers. I lie on my bed so that I can see myself in the mirror, because it really turns me on to watch myself masturbating.

He loved me to strip slowly in front of him, revealing my body inch by inch.

Then I slowly start to stroke myself, running my hands over the material of the underwear so that I can feel it rippling against me, stirring me up into goosebumps and making me shiver. Quite a lot of the thrill I get is the anticipation of it all, thinking about what's going to happen to my body when I touch myself through that silk. I'm getting really excited and turned on

just talking about this. This is the effect it has on me!

Quest: Go on.

Miss L: Sometimes I use other things besides my fingers to touch myself with, like a long feather or a vibrator. When I've done that for quite a long time, varying the pressure of the stroking through the material, I reach both my hands down and cup them over my pussy. It feels all hot down there, because I've become so aroused, and gradually I rub my fingers harder and harder up and down my slit, always through the gusset of the knickers, of course.

By now there's a wet patch on the panties, and I start to press and push my fingers harder as the friction of the material rubbing back and forth over my love lips becomes more exciting for me. I push my fingers inside my pussy, taking the material with them.

I feel a wonderful rush, and as I come down from it I'll be still stroking my nipples and stomach so that I'm aroused even afterwards.

Quest: Have all your partners been fetishists of the same nature, or have you tried to convert any of them?

Miss L: Show me a man who doesn't like to see a woman in sexy lingerie! There aren't many of them. Nearly all my boyfriends since that time have all been quite willing to accept my little kink, and because I'm very open with them about the fact that I really *need* to have the lingerie, none of them object to it.

One boyfriend actively shared my fetish, and he used to buy me silky undies by the ton. He loved it if I stripped in front of him slowly, revealing my body to him inch by inch. I'd press the ball of silk into the cleavage between my boobs, rubbing it over my flat stomach and finally reaching between my legs and pulling it back and forth, so that it became coated in my love juice as I got more and more excited.

It was a fantastic feeling, knowing that he was aroused by watching me. Then I'd pull down his pants and rub the knickers round his crotch. His eyes wouldn't leave my face as I worked the silk around the base of his prick and over his balls. I'd rub them lightly over the top of his shaft, just touching it and seeing the pre-come mark the silk. We used to spend hours doing that, just rubbing each other with underwear and silk scarves and so on. The whole thing was incredibly erotic.

Once I made him come straight away when, in the middle of a session of very dirty foreplay, I reached down and pulled a pair of black silk French knickers up his legs and over his stiff prick. Then I told him to go and look at his reflection in the mirror. I was so excited by the sight of him standing there in those high cut knickers.

We had the most fantastic sex right there. He was so eager for it that he just thrust the gusset aside and pushed his prick into me without taking them off. I could feel the silk rubbing against the underside of my pussy. I don't think I've ever come as intensely as that before.

Another boyfriend, Scott, was at first a little unnerved by my obsession with lingerie. But when we went camping one time, I completely changed his mind.

It was a beautiful warm evening, and we were sharing a bottle of wine in our tent. It had been raining lightly a little while beforehand and the ground outside was a bit muddy to sit on. But after a few drinks and a bit of a cuddle, it started to look a lot more inviting. I stood outside, and swiftly stripped in front of Scott. When I was down to my silk teddy and stockings, I began to run my hands over my body, teasing him to join me. Before long he did, and soon we were rolling on the ground, getting covered in sticky mud. It really turned Scott on see me getting messier and messier as we made love and the lingerie made it even naughtier. It was our best session ever.

Quest: And your current boyfriend — is he a lingerie fetishist like you are?

Miss L: Certainly — and he likes nothing more than to wear a pair of my silky undies under his overalls when he goes to work!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mr E
Sex.... Male
Age.... 23
Town of origin.... Hartlepool
Other details.... This young university graduate has just started work in a large marketing department. He enjoys wearing leather or rubber clothing during sex, especially underwear.

Quest: Did you tell all your girlfriends about your fetish?

Mr E: No, not at first. Perhaps rubber and leather have got a bad name from the press or something, but most people aren't sure how to take the revelation that I get a kick out of it. It's hard to explain too — the smell and texture of leather on my skin, and the feeling of being touched and stroked to arousal through the

Quest

material is the most exciting thing I know.

Quest: Was there one specific occasion in your life when you found this out, or was it a gradual sexual realisation?

Mr E: No, it came upon me quite suddenly one day. I was still at college, and living in a house with several other students. In the kithcen one morning I was helping one of my flatmates to wash up, and my hand accidentally touched hers through the thin rubber gloves she was wearing. I felt a shiver all over where my hand had brushed against the wet material, and I could feel my cock immediately start to get hard inside my pants.

I knew it wasn't Kate, the girl, because I didn't fancy her at all, but all morning I just couldn't get that feeling out of my mind. That afternoon when everyone was out, I crept down to the kitchen, grabbed the gloves and spent the afternoon masturbating with them, stroking my cock with them and even putting them over it so I could stroke myself with the rubber clinging to my hot, swelling cock shaft. I came into them, and that felt wonderful, because I carried on massaging my come into the shaft, until I was hard and ready to go all over again.

It was a fantastic revelation for me; I'd finally found something that turned me on uncontrollably, which was both a delight and a relief because until then I'd not had much interest in nookie and just thought I must have a low sex drive.

Quest: How did you take your discovery further into the realms of the frottage that you now practise?

Mr E: Not long afterwards I went out to a specialist shop and bought an assortment of rubber and leather gear. After a few experiments I found out exactly what I liked. At this stage there was no-one else involved except me. I'd spend hours at night in my room putting on rubber or leather pants and and enjoying the way they moulded themselves to my skin and held my cock and balls really tightly. I love the way leather sucks onto my skin, it's such a turn-on.

I progressed to wearing this gear sometimes when I went out. It made me permanently orgasmic. It's hard to describe that feeling to someone who's not into it the way I am, but just the slightest movement would have me coming almost immediately where I stood.

Quest: Eventually you found someone who shared your tastes, didn't you?

Mr E: I joined a club, and it was there that I met my current girlfriend. She was wearing the most beautiful leather dress when I first met her, and as it was hot in the place her perfume mingled with the smell of the leather dress. I nearly came straight away, that smell just turned me on so much. When we danced I rubbed my hands all over the dress and I could feel her shivering with arousal as the leather moulded to her body. I knew just how she was feeling.

That night we went back to her place, and as soon as we were through the door she tore off my shirt and started licking and clawing at the rubber vest I was wearing, so that it pulled against my skin and made my nipples tingle unbearably. That was when I really found out how much it aroused me to have someone else actually fondling me through the material.

Louise's dress was made of very fine, stretched leather and she thrust one breast towards me, indicating that I should lick it through the material. She shivered with pleasure when I did that, and the taste and texture of the leather on my tongue made my cock strain inside my pants.

The tip of it was being pushed up and down against the material as my erection tried to rise, and the nerves were so sensitive that I was close to coming. Louise had come just from having her nipples sucked and bitten through the dress, and she was so hot and wet that I could smell her juices mixed with the smell of warm leather.

I went down on my knees and pushed her dress up around her waist to lick her pussy. We kept our clothes on as we got off on touching each other through the leather. That's the thing with a fetish like ours — the pleasure comes from the third part of the equation — the clothing — and not just from the sex itself.

Quest: Doesn't that make having full and penetrative intercourse a little complicated?

Mr E: Not at all! Louise and I normally get ourselves so aroused by touching each other through our clothes that neither of us can hold back and we have to have full sex. That first night Louise insisted that I keep on my leather vest, so that she could feel it against her boobs as I thrust in and out of her.

Since then, I feel like a different person sexually. To have met Louise, who shares and understands my fetish, is fantastic. We never have sex without all the foreplay, but then, our whole lives seem like one long sex session! We both always wear leather or rubber underwear, so the friction works all day on her pussy and my cock. We're both frantic for sex when we get home!

I knelt down and pushed her leather dress up round her waist, kissing her thighs.

Quest: And you've formed a close circle of friends sharing the same kind of interests, haven't you?

Mr E: Yes, we've met a whole lot of people who share our fetish, and we frequently hold parties where everyone can really let themselves go and enjoy it. I really don't think it's all that strange any more — we've met people from all walks of life who get sexual satisfaction from wearing leather or rubber during sex. One thing I've found that I particularly enjoy is watching my girlfriend and another girl make love with their erotic underwear on. I find it incredibly exciting to watch them stroke each other through the leather to orgasm before I join in!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mrs K
Sex.... Female
Age.... 32
Town of origin.... Ipswich
Other details.... This divorcee has been practising frottage for all her adult sexual life. Recently shared this experience with her current sexual partners, one male and one female.

Quest: You are different from our two other respondents in that you don't need a very specific material or garment in order to achieve sexual satisfaction through frottage.

Mrs K: That's right. Since the age when I first became sexually aware I've always been more

aroused when I was touching myself or being touched through clothes. And it doesn't really matter what kind, or what material — I just get more turned on when I feel a touch through my clothes.

Quest: Where do you think this stems from?

Mrs K: Oh, I think it's always been there. But I remember an incident which really brought it to the fore. I was 19 and had been married only a few months when I started working at a firm of accountants in Ipswich. One of the senior partners there was a woman about the age I am now, and I was really in awe of her.

I used to catch her looking at me intently, and she always used to stand very close over my desk when she was talking to me. Now, looking back, it was obvious that she fancied me, but I didn't realise at first. Then one day she caught me in the stationary cupboard: we looked at each other and that was it — we were kissing and groping each other like mad. I still don't know how it happened, but the feeling of her hands through my cotton blouse and tight skirt really got me excited.

Obviously because of the danger of getting caught we couldn't undress or even get our hands inside each other's clothes, but I just remember her fingers firmly stroking me through my outfit, feeling the way the material rubbed against me sensuously. It was fantastic. She put the palms of her hands over my nipples and rubbed circles over them. I was on the verge of coming when we heard someone approaching the cupboard, so we had to stop, but after that we snatched as many moments as we could together. Eventually this led to a full-blown affair.

Quest: Frottage was a feature of your sex life with her, wasn't it?

Mrs K: After that first encounter, yes. Not only did she sense that I'd been completely and helplessly aroused by what she was doing to me, but it seemed that it turned Janet on too.

Quest

"I love feeling your hard nipples rubbing into the palm of my hand," she used to tell me.

My favourite thing was for her to come into the bedroom wearing just an expensive chiffon dress that she had. It was grey and very smooth and soft and almost see-through. I loved to lay her down on the bed while I smoothed my hands all over her body, feeling the chiffon cling to her like a second skin. I could never bear to speak when we were in bed together in case I drowned out the noise that the chiffon made under my hands. Of course, I'd soon have to pull up the dress and lick out her pussy until she was crying out for me to stop because it was too good, but it was always the playing about with the clothes that got us both so uncontrollably horny in the first place.

I shivered all over as she stroked my body gently through the material.

I found I liked to keep my own clothes on. My favourite way for Janet to make love to me was for me stand while she knelt at my feet and stroked her hands upwards along the inside of my legs. My tights (always black and very sheer) tingled my skin and Janet would kiss behind her fingers too, nibbling at my skin through the nylon of the tights. I shivered all over, my fanny lips getting wet and hot.

Then Janet would work her hands up to my love mound and she'd always smile when she found how wet and juicy I was. Her fingers would go into overdrive, pressing the nylon in and out of my love hole till it was soaking and I was coming again and again. The friction that the nylon and the cotton of my panties built up against my pussy was what always sent me over the edge.

Quest: So how did you use these techniques in your later sex life?

Mrs K: Well, as you might have guessed I left my husband after only a couple of years. We never satisfied each other in bed after I met Janet. About eight years after my divorce I met my boyfriend Jeff, and he's one of the few men I've ever been able to be sexually open with. He accepted my little kink with open arms — when I finally told him about it.

Quest: What made you wait so long?

Mrs K: I hadn't had sex with anyone else for a long time, before I met Jeff. I was afraid that he might find the whole scenario disturbing.

Quest: When did you introduce Jeff to your fetish?

Mrs K: We'd been out to a party and came back a bit drunk, which always makes me randy. Jeff was in the mood for sex too, but I was in the mood for playing games first! I started doing a sexy dance in front of him as I led him into the bedroom; I was running my hands up and down my body over the satin dress I had on, really smoothing it into me, and he must have been able to see how that was arousing me — my nipples were almost poking holes in the bodice!

I smoothed my hands further and further down towards my fanny, and he could hardly take his eyes off me. "You're really getting off on this, aren't you?" he said. Then to my surprise he went over to the chest of drawers and got out a pair of nail scissors. "Come here," he told me, "and lie down on the bed." I did what he said, and then very gently, making very sure that he didn't hurt me or mark me, he cut three holes in the dress, one for each nipple and one to reveal my naked, hairy fanny.

"This is what you really want, isn't it?" he questioned me, as he started licking and stroking my nipples, which poked out proud and stiff. He rubbed the material right into the soft underside of each boob slowly, making sure I really felt it. I loved the sensation of that — it had me writhing on the bed, totally helpless.

His hand worked its way down to my fanny in the meantime, and his probing fingers on my aching slit was just fantastic. He fingered me, bringing me off several times in succession, and then when his tongue played over me, I came with a huge moan. It was an orgasm like I've never had before or since.

Although the dress was obviously ruined, I didn't care, and since then Jeff has had great fun adapting my wardrobe for our own use!

Quest: So for you, this kind of activity is essentially not only for initial arousal, but for ultimate satisfaction too?

Mrs K: Absolutely. I love to tease myself when I'm alone by stroking silk or lace over my nipples, or, if I'm feeling particularly horny, stimulating my clitoris with the material until orgasm. I like to watch myself doing this, so I often prop up a mirror in front of me. I'll put on a pair of my thinnest panties, so that I have a good view of my pussy through them, which by now is usually plumped up and wet.

I then stroke my finger along the gusset, and I have the double pleasure of my touch and the touch of the material. My clitoris usually becomes a hard, aroused button within a few minutes, and I begin to feel waves of pleasure building up inside me, and a pleasure rash spreading across my body. Then I'm so aroused that it's not long before I orgasm. The climax is much more intense if I keep the underwear on right through the session, and this applies whether I'm touching myself or am being touched by someone else. There really is nothing to beat it!

Quest: Thank you.

Quest

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mrs W
Sex.... Male
Age.... 37
Town of origin.... London
Other details.... This successful journalist has found sexual satisfaction in his second marriage, with the woman who introduced him to erotic lingerie.

Quest: When did you discover that erotic lingerie could have a profound effect on your sex-life?

Mr W: When I married for the second time. My first wife wasn't an exciting person to make love to, but then, if I'm honest, I didn't marry her for that. At that time I wanted someone basically to cook and have kids. I really wasn't all that interested in sex, and nor was she.

It wasn't until I met Jill, my second wife, that I realised that sex could be incredible. Even though she's several years younger than me, she's taught me how to make sex exciting.

Quest: Tell us about your first time together.

Mr. W: Well, we'd been dating since just after my divorce, but we hadn't made love yet. I didn't want to push things too quickly. In the end it was she who seduced me! We went for our usual Saturday evening meal, but she seemed closer than usual, touching me, and smiling. In the taxi back to her flat, she held my hand and whispered, "Please, come back with me." I wouldn't have been normal to refuse, would I?

We went to her flat, and as soon as we got in the door, she kissed me passionately, and asked me to sit down. Then she began to strip.

Now my wife never wore erotic or sexy lingerie of any sort. I'd never seen it outside of a magazine! So you can imagine I was stunned when Jill's dress fell to the floor to reveal her gorgeous body dressed in the full kit! Her large breasts were barely contained in a black lace bra and I could see her nipples as hard points against the see-through cups.

Her blonde triangle of pubic hair was hardly covered by a tiny pair of briefs, under which she wore a black suspender belt. Her fantastic legs were wrapped in sheer silk stockings, with just a few inches of creamy thigh exposed at the top. As she stood facing me, still wearing her four-inch heels, I was so stunned I couldn't say anything. But the effect on my body was instant. I had never seen a woman look so sexy! My cock started swelling in my trousers.

Jill took it all in her stride. She led me upstairs and asked me to take my clothes off and lie on the bed. My pole stood bolt upright as Jill straddled me, still in all her gear. She grasped my cock firmly and stroked it along the gusset of her knickers which was by now already wet with juices, seeping down over the exposed inches of thigh. The feel of the wet silk against the sensitive glans of my penis was incredible.

As Jill massaged my cock against her slit through the material, I tweaked and rubbed her nipples through her bra. The lace seemed to give extra friction and her nipples almost poked out of the material! Then she pulled the knickers to one side and sat down slowly on my cock.

After the teasing she'd given me, I nearly came with excitement. Arching her back and moaning she began to ride me, gently at first, then faster and faster. Her breasts fell out of the bra and I reached up to cup and stroke them as she neared a climax. I could still feel the material against my skin, and the sensation of

She gave a long moan as her climax engulfed her, her hips writhing against me.

being made love to by this semi-clad woman turned me on so much that I knew it wouldn't be long before I shot my load deep inside her.

I felt her pussy begin to tighten around my shaft, and she gave a long moan as a climax engulfed her. Her contracting pussy walls brought me to my own orgasm and come spurted into her as I was lost in the most intense climax I've ever had. We fell asleep side by side for a while, but when I woke up and saw Jill lying there in all her stuff, I was instantly aroused all over again!

Quest: Has lingerie become an integral part of your sex-life since then?

Mr. W: You bet! I spend a fortune on piles of new things for Jill to wear when we make love. We've progressed from ordinary department store frillies to the sort of serious erotic underwear I never thought existed outside magazines! It's always Jill who comes up with new variations, and she always comes with me if I'm intending to buy her something.

Recently she went through a phase of trying crotchless and nipple-less underwear. The items didn't look all that sexy on the hangers in the shop, but when she got them on, she looked fantastic. I suppose I should tell you about how it led to our most unusual love-making session...

Quest: Oh yes.

Mr W: Well we were in the shop! Jill saw this silk crotchless set hanging up, and her imagination was immediately fired. She nudged me and disappeared into the changing room. A few moments later, she popped her head out and asked the assistant, "Do you mind if my husband has a quick look?"

The assistant was definitely surprised, but didn't say a word. I tried to look cool as I went into the cubicle.

Behind the curtain my wife was dressed only in the black two-piece set and her high heels. Her blonde hair tumbled over her shoulders, and frankly, she just oozed sex. Her pink nipples poked out through the holes in the black lace bra, already hard and suckable. Her beautiful blonde pussy was framed by the panties, and I couldn't take my eyes off her blonde curls of pubic hair and her plump pussy lips.

I was instantly hard. Forgetting completely where I was I went over to her and licked one of the nipples poking out at me so invitingly. She pulled me to her, fumbling at my zip, trying to be as quiet as possible. She grasped my erect cock and nudged it towards the opening in her panties, guiding it between her swollen pussy lips and into her wet, eager hole. She was so excited that she climaxed almost immediately, her hips bucking and writhing against me as I shot my load.

Quest: What do you think it is about a woman wearing erotic lingerie when making love that makes sex better?

Mr W: I suppose it's the idea of a half naked woman... semi-nakedness is always sexier than full nakedness, I think. But I don't analyse it too much, I just enjoy it!

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ

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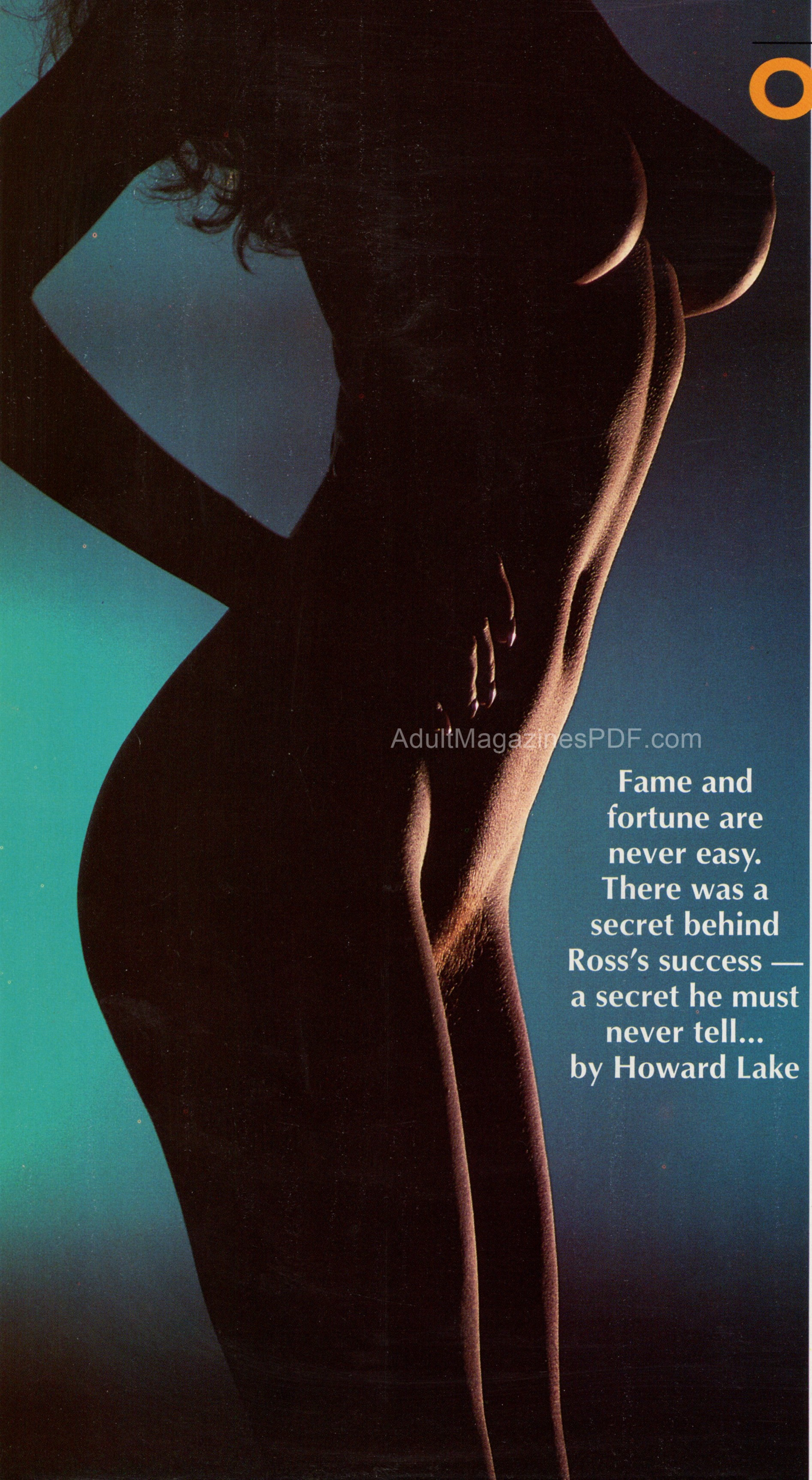


AdultMagazinesPDF.com

Fame and fortune are never easy. There was a secret behind Ross's success — a secret he must never tell... by Howard Lake

To be totally honest, the band was past caring. Three months on the road could really take it out of four guys, playing the same damn songs every night, for audiences who couldn't care less about their music and were there for Savage Kross, the headliners.

But at least, reasoned Ross, the end was in sight. Newcastle tonight, then Retford on Tuesday, then Milton Keynes, Watford and two nights at the Marquee in Charing Cross Road. And then? At least a fortnight's peace, a chance to recover from the mind-numbing experience; a chance to recharge their creative batteries before recording the debut LP.

He reckoned he'd head over to Ireland. He hadn't been back home for years and he could look up a couple of his old girlfriends. They hardly saw any women when they were on the road. He still got letters from one of the girls, Nancy, a demure-looking girl who had turned out to be anything but demure. She'd taught him everything he knew... in the peaceful Irish countryside she'd explored every inch of his body. She'd been the first girl ever to...

Ross was roused from his reverie by Vinny, the singer, clearing his throat after a couple of hours' kip.

"Where are we, man?" was his first question, the same question he'd asked every day for the past twelve weeks. Vinny was not renowned for his grip on reality.

"Newcastle," Ross told him. Vinny took in the information, glanced out of the window, then returned to his comatose state. The guitarist, Jeff, and the bassist, Keith, were engaged in a convoluted discussion as to why redheads made for a better screw.

They had a name — *Belligerence* — and a following of sorts in London. Before this Ross had been an apprentice plumber in Eltham and going nowhere. Maybe he was still going nowhere, but at least this route didn't involve scooping crap out of people's drains with your bare hands.

"Ross?" Jeff's voice broke into his thoughts. "Which are better: redheads or brunettes?"

"Redheads," said Ross without hesitation. "Brunettes got too much attitude."

* * *

Another soundcheck was over and it was back to the hotel to await the gig later that night. The Excelsior was hardly luxurious: a five storey condemned slum near the city centre, a splendid contrast with Savage Kross's plush accommodation — but when you'd had a platinum LP in the States, you could afford such luxuries.

GHT WITH AN ANGEL

Ross's room lacked a king-sized waterbed, mini-bar and jacuzzi, though it did boast a lovely view of a knitwear factory. There were three hours till showtime and Ross needed some sleep more than anything, so he stripped down to his underpants and hit the sack. Tonight Newcastle, tomorrow Madison Square Gardens...

* * *

Tap... tap...

Ross opened his eyes.

tap... tap...

What was that? Faulty plumbing? A branch of a tree against the windowpane?

tap... tap...

Ross shook his head. No way was he getting any sleep with that nagging sound in his ears. There was only one thing for it: he'd have to track it down and catch it at source. Sighing heavily, he rolled over and sat up.

"Jesus H. *Christ*!"

She was seated at the end of the bed, her legs crossed high, her stiletto heels drumming against the bedframe. That was where the sound was coming from; where she had come from was another matter.

But she sure looked fine, the kind of rock 'n' roll chick even rock 'n' rollers dreamed about: jet black hair cascading in ringlets over her shoulder framing an angelic face made less angelic by heavy eyeshadow and lipstick; a thin t-shirt beneath which heavy breasts rose and fell with her breathing; a tight leather miniskirt that seemed sprayed onto her bum and legs that refused to quit.

"I'm Nadine," she said sweetly. "You're wondering how I got into your room, aren't you?"

Ross tried to gather his thoughts, but try as he might, his mind wouldn't co-operate; all connections between his synapses were inoperative. All he could think was how incredibly sexy she was.

"Do you think I'm attractive?" asked Nadine, standing up and walking to the window to stare out across Newcastle. The question hung in the air as Ross tried to find his tongue.

"Yeah, I do," he told her. "But how did you get into my room?"

Nadine looked at him over her shoulder and smiled. "Let's just say I have my ways," she informed Ross. "I know things that other girls will never know."

Ross checked that his dick was down before joining her at the window. "So, er," he mumbled, "how can I help you?"

"How do you think?"

There was an obvious answer to that, but Ross didn't want to appear too forward. "I, er... dunno," he said.

He was transfixed with unbearable delight as her tongue worked miracles upon him.

"This is all a bit surprising, y'know? A minute ago I was asleep and now..."

Nadine laughed and Ross decided she was genuinely beautiful. "Look, Ross," she said. "You're a rock 'n' roller, right?"

"I guess so..."

"And I'm a groupie, a bit of skirt, a girl who gets off on fucking rock stars..."

"You're saying you want to get laid?" asked Ross.

"That's right."

"By me?"

"You got it."

Ross was still confused. "I don't understand," he said. "Why choose me? I'm just the drummer — Vinny's the front man, the star. I'm not even good-looking, for Chrissakes."

Nadine turned to face him. "But you're going to be huge," she whispered. "Enormous. A year from now you'll be number one in America. You are going to be one of the biggest stars ever!"

"I choose the guys I sleep with carefully. I don't give myself to the first bloke with tight spandex pants and a big dick that comes along. I'm special... I only choose the best."

Her hand reached out and brushed against the front of Ross's pants. Instantly he felt the warmth of her touch, something began to swell in the nylon. Nadine smiled and sank to her knees, pressing her face against his crotch.

"Are you sure you got the right guy?" demanded Ross. "I'd hate to think it was one of Savage Kross you were after."

"Uh-huh," responded Nadine, her fingers hooking into his waistband and slowly peeling it over his stiff cock. "It's you I'm after."

Her glossy lips parted and Ross felt a jolt of exquisite sensation as she drew him into her mouth. For a minute, he was transfixed with unbearable delight as Nadine's tongue, lips and teeth worked miracles upon him. He watched as his shaft disappeared into her warm mouth, until her full lips were brushing his pubic hair. Then it was a slow slide out again as she set up a delicious rhythm.

Obviously skilled at this sort of thing, she grasped his cock firmly at the base and began to suck harder and faster along its whole length, while she stroked and cupped his balls gently with her other hand. He knew he couldn't take much more, and she seemed to enjoy the fact. She didn't hesitate as he moaned and twined his fingers in her hair. She was eager for him to come, she wanted to swallow his whole load...

"Showtime!" Keith's voice bellowed from the corridor and Nadine leapt away as if she'd been stung.

"He mustn't see me!" she hissed. "No one must see me but you, Ross. If he sees me, it'll all be worthless. You've got to hide me!"

"But I've got to get to the gig!" protested Ross.

"I'll stay here," Nadine told him. "But don't tell a soul about my being here, or I'll be gone when you get back."

"All right," agreed Ross. "I won't say a word."

Nadine stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "I knew you were special," she smiled.

* * *

It was the worst night of the tour. Newcastle greeted Belligerence in kind, beer glasses raining down from the second they set foot onstage. As for Ross, he couldn't play a damn thing right all night, missing beats, the lot.

"They only wanted us out there so they could lynch us," commented Keith as the van negotiated the rain-drenched streets back to the Excelsior.

"More than likely it was the drummer they were after," grunted Vinny, looking pointedly in Ross's direction. Keith had the answer.

"He had a bird in his room before the show, didn't he?" he grinned. "No wonder he was too knackered to lift his sticks."

Jeff was impressed. "You crafty sod, Ross," he whistled softly.

"Keith's dreaming," Ross countered. "Too much acid — screws up the braincells."

The bickering continued and within minutes the band was on the verge of a full-scale case of 'musical differences'. All except for Ross, who sat back and let them get on with it, content that his secret was safe. He had kept his promise to Nadine; would she keep hers?

* * *

The other three were still arguing in the lobby, but at least Mick had bought some beers, so a split seemed less likely. Ross stepped into the lift and pressed floor five.

The lift doors slid open. He was certain that Nadine was long gone by now, most likely waiting in Savage Kross's limo for the real stars to show her a good time. Ross shrugged, fitting his key into the lock.

"Hello, Ross."

He blinked in the gloom of the room, trying to make her out. As his eyes adjusted to the low light, he saw her, lying naked on the narrow bed save for a pair of black stockings. Her slim, marble legs were parted slightly and her hand was between them, moving gently. She was looking straight at him, as she gave a low moan of pleasure. Her hips began to move against her hand and her back arched. Her thighs were glistening with juice as she approached a climax. It was quite simply the most glorious sight Ross had ever seen; her body was utter perfection, a smooth sculpture in skin. "I've been waiting for you," she whispered, sliding two fingers into her moist pussy then putting them in her mouth to taste her own come.

Ross shut the door behind him and locked it, his heart beating a tattoo against his ribcage as he crossed to the bed.

"You didn't tell anyone," Nadine said. "You did everything I asked, and now I'll do anything you ask..."

"Anything?" asked Ross. Nadine nodded.

"Then tell me why you want me so badly."

"It's my purpose."

"Your purpose?"

"Yes." Nadine extended her hand to Ross's face. Her cool fingers brushed his cheek. "Don't ask," she told him solemnly. "Enjoy what I have for you, but never ask me again."

Her hand drifted down to his chest, then lower until it fell into his lap and massaged the yielding flesh beneath Ross's jeans, her touch removing any doubts he might have.

"You want me, don't you?" breathed Nadine. She took his hand and placed it upon her breasts. "Touch me," she smiled. "I'm real!"

She was real enough and Ross fell forward and kissed her, thrilling at how passionately she responded, her hands tearing at his clothing in almost urgent haste. It seemed so smooth, as if they were working to a prearranged script, Nadine's hard nipples burning against Ross's chest as he gripped her taut backside, twin globes in each palm as Nadine arched her body to meet him, drawing his length deep inside her hot, tight sex; then rolling over to straddle him as they fell into the perfect rhythm, hard and slow. She leaned towards him, offering her thick nipples to his mouth, urging him to suck hungrily on the stiff buds as the sweat rolled from their bodies.

It seemed to last an eternity and when he came, Ross had never felt anything like it. Nadine gripped him with her pussy and made his orgasm last and last as she, too, reached the pinnacle of pleasure and stayed there as long as she could bear.

"More," Ross urged, his lust undiminished, and Nadine was swift to respond, leaning over and taking his cock into her mouth as they fell easily into a soixante-neuf position; a pleasure drawn out until Ross had no idea of time, only pleasure in waves filling his soul and not leaving until he had given up everything he had to this beautiful creature.

When it ended, it ended because there was nothing left. They had driven their bodies to the limit and now sleep was all Ross craved.

He could feel sleep coming, like a black velvet curtain being dropped across his consciousness. As he drifted into the darkness he heard Nadine whispering to him.

"When you wake, I'll be gone. But don't worry, I've done what I was sent to do. Just remember never to tell anyone of this night. Never tell anyone at all..."

* * *

Madison Square Gardens, New York: fifteen months later.

The big-breasted blonde on Vinny's arm was showing the assembled company the tattoo of a rose on her backside. Those people at the backstage party who were still sober enough to talk were busy slapping backs and congratulating anyone who cared to listen on the success of Belligerence's first US tour. Tonight had been a sell-out, a full house, hardly surprising as the band's current single was sitting pretty at the top of the American charts.

But Belligerence's drummer was nowhere to be seen. Sure, some folks had seen him a while ago, but he'd seemed troubled by something and had mumbled words to the effect that he had to make a call to England. Few begrudged him that. After all, without Ross, where would the band be now?

Upstairs, in a darkened office, Ross was listening to the tone of a phone ringing some several thousand miles away. It was five in the morning there, but perhaps someone would be on hand to provide the answer to a question that had bugged him for over a year.

"Excelsior Hotel." The voice sounded weary, a Geordie accent that sounded as though the owner had been roused from his slumbers.

Ross apologised for the hour, but explained that he needed to know something urgently.

"You want to make a reservation?"

"No. I need to know whether you remember a guest who stayed at your hotel once."

This was clearly not a popular request, especially at that hour. "Look, mate. I can't be expected to remember everyone who..."

"Her name was Nadine."

The line went silent, save for the crackling of the intercontinental line. Then the voice said: "You say her name was Nadine?"

"That's right."

"She didn't have dark hair, very pretty-looking, very sexy?"

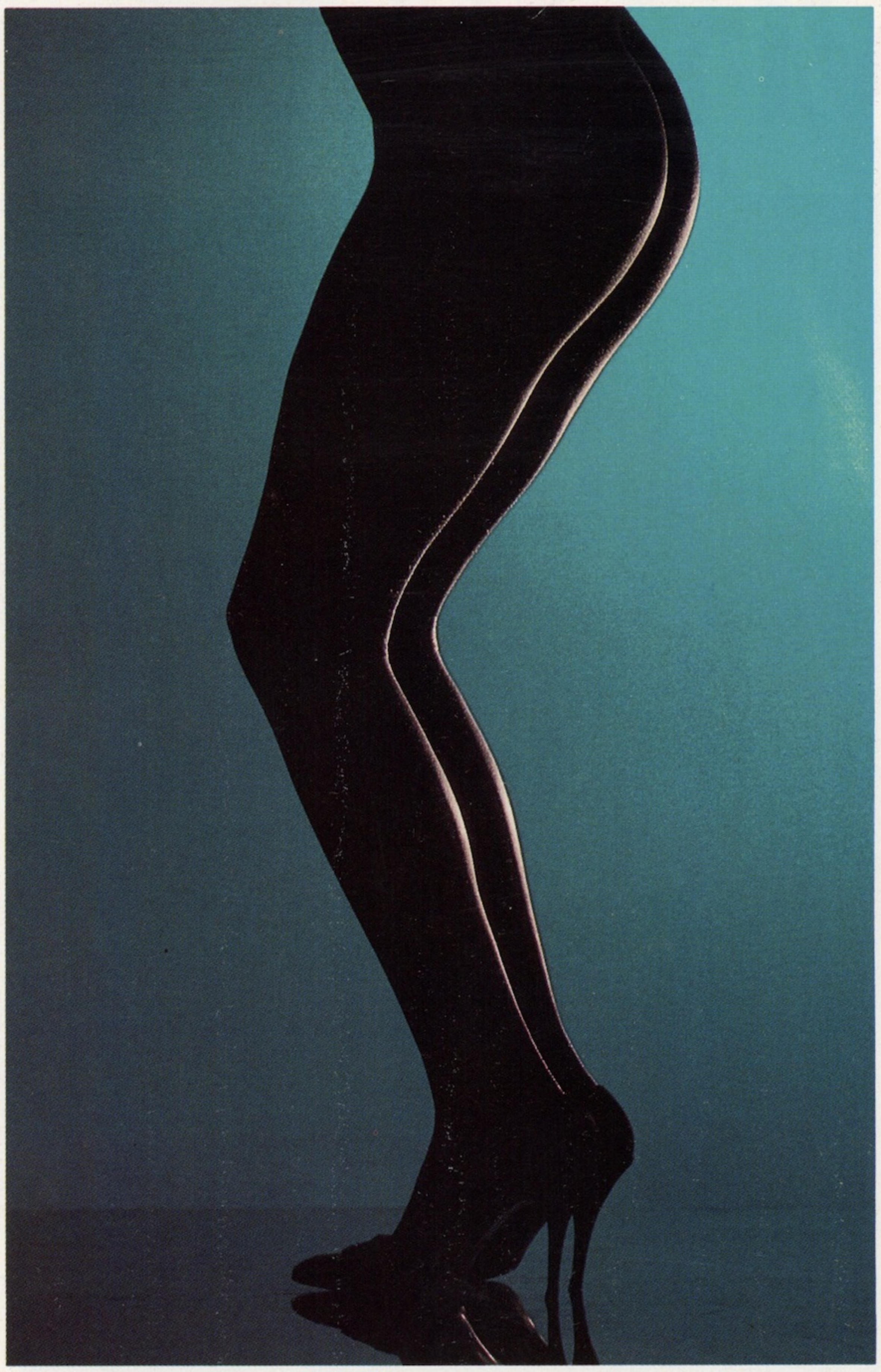
"Yes, that's her. You remember her?"

The man sounded distressed. "How can I forget her. It was me who found her."

"Found her?"

"Yes. Three years ago. In a room on floor five. She'd died of an overdose on account of some rock star had chucked her over. It was one terrible waste of a life... I can still see her now — still see how beautiful she looked..."

Unable to bear hearing any more, Ross put the phone down. In a daze, he crossed to the window and stared out at New York City and the huge billboard across the street, from which his face gazed impassively back, framed with lights. And underneath his picture, the title of the LP which had sold in droves across the globe: *One Night With An Angel...*



She urged him to suck on her stiff nipples, as sweat rolled from their bodies.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

Paddy was taking his driving test and to the examiner's amazement he went straight through a red light.

"Why did you do that?" he asked Paddy. "We might have both been killed!"

"Not to worry," grinned Paddy. "My brother, who's an expert driver, told me to drive through the red — he's been doing it for years and he's never had an accident yet."

A couple of minutes later Paddy drove straight through another red light.

"Look," screamed the examiner, "you really are trying to kill me!"

Then they came to a green light and Paddy slammed on his brakes, nearly sending the examiner straight through the windscreen.

"What the heck did you do that for?" he roared.

"I always stop when the lights are green," explained Paddy, "after all, my brother might be coming the other way."

With a few too many ales under their belts, a couple of Englishmen decided to pick a fight with the Irishman who was a regular at their London pub.

"Just watch this, Charles," said one. "I'll make him so hopping mad that he'll have to hit me and start the fight," and he wandered over to Paddy.

"Listen here, my man," he said in a lofty tone, "do you know St Patrick?"

"Yes sir, certainly. Well not to say I know him personally but I know of him, certainly, sir," said Paddy.

"Well, you'll know then that he was a moron," the Englishman went on.

"No, sir," said Paddy politely. "No, I didn't know that. That's certainly interesting though. A moron you say."

"Not only that," the Englishman continued, slightly disconcerted by the lack of a desired response, "not only that, but St Patrick was a shithead as well."

"You don't say, sir," replied Paddy. "Well, you live and learn, don't you, sir."

The Englishman gave up and went back to his ale. His friend Charles, who had heard the baiting, sprang to his feet.

"Leave it to me, I'll make him mad," he said, and weaved his way to Paddy's side.

"Listen here," he said to Paddy, "did you know St Patrick was an Englishman?"

"So your friend was just telling me, sir."

Three old men were sitting around talking about who had the worst health problem. The 70-year-old said, "Have I got a problem. Every morning I get up at 7.30 and I have to have a piss, but I have to stand at the toilet for an hour 'cause my piss barely trickles out."

"That's nothing," said the 80-year-old. "Every morning at 8.30 I have to have a shit, but I have sit on the toilet for hours because of my constipation. It's terrible."

The 90-year-old said, "You guys think you have problems! Every morning at 7.30 I piss like a racehorse, and at 8.30 I shit like a pig. The trouble with me is I don't wake up till eleven!"

A cannibal went to his local witch doctor complaining of stomach pains. The witch doctor examined him and said, "It must have been something you ate. Tell me everything you've eaten."

The cannibal replied, "I ate a missionary the other day."

"That shouldn't have done it. Can you remember any details about him?"

"Well, he was a tall man; he was wearing a brown robe; he was walking down the trail and I caught him, boiled him and then ate him."

"That's the trouble, you dummy," replied the doctor, "you boiled him and he was a friar!"

There was a young blade of Connaught
Whose prick was remarkably short.
When he got into bed
His lady friend said,
"This isn't a prick, it's a wart."

What's the difference between looking for a lost golf ball and Lady Godiva?

Looking for a lost golf ball is a hunt on a course.

What do you have if you have a green ball in your left hand and a green ball in your right hand?

The undivided attention of The Jolly Green Giant. Ⓜ

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